

# The Two Worlds.

AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

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## THE FIRST SPIRITUALIST MAYORESS.

MRS. J. A. PARR, OF DEWSBURY.

### PRELIMINARY NOTE.

THE county of broad acres now enjoys the unique distinction of possessing a Spiritualist Mayoress. Forty years ago such a thing would have been scouted as the wildest supposition; to-day it is an accomplished and sober fact. Truly "the world moves," and Spiritualists are no longer looked down upon as wicked and evil-disposed people.

The town to claim this honour is Dewsbury, and the lady who occupies the honoured civic position is a member of the Bond-street Spiritualist Church. We are pleased to know that she is an active member, and a generous supporter of the work. That she has the full courage of her convictions what follows will clearly show. So far as our information goes, this is the first case of a professed Spiritualist occupying such a position, and we cordially congratulate the lady upon her position, and most so on her unflinching adherence to her principles. It required no small amount of moral courage to openly avow herself, for in small towns it is much more difficult a task to do so than would be the case in larger places, simply because the people know each other so intimately, and that makes the close of pressure of public opinion usually much more effective in small communities than is the case in larger centres.

Learning of the fact that at the late municipal elections in Dewsbury Mr. J. A. Parr had been elected as Mayor, and that his wife was of the household of our faith, we made due enquiry at the fountain head, and in response to our desire for information, Mrs. Parr very courteously supplied us with the following account of her position. Her excellent narrative shows a naturally candid nature, and clearly indicates that she is not to be driven from her position as a Spiritualist even by the conventional social demands of the position she so ably shares with her husband.

The Spiritualists of the entire country will unite with us in congratulating Mrs. Parr and the friends of the Bond-street Church, for the lady's position reflects not only honour upon herself, but also upon the Cause locally and at large.

Thus we mark another step in advance on the part of popular opinion in regard to our people, another sign that the old prejudices against Spiritualists are passing away. Our parting word is one of hearty commendation for the broadmindedness of Mr. Parr, who, as Mayor, frankly coincides with his wife in her stalwart adherence to that Cause which has brought comfort and happiness to her and himself.

### FROM THE MAYORESS.

I was brought up in the Church of England. My people, on both sides, so far as I can ascertain, were for generations back Church people. I have three first cousins all vicars in different parts of England, and have other cousins living in Cheshire who are Church of England people, and great supporters of the Church. I worshipped regularly at church until about twelve years ago, when something happened. I heard for the first time of Spiritualism, and having lost loved ones years before, I was anxious to know the truth whether those I had parted from and thought I might never see again were really dead, or, as the Spiritualists claimed, were still living, and could communicate under given conditions.

### SHE BECOMES A SPIRITUALIST.

I determined to investigate, and with that view I went to the Spiritual Rooms in Bond-street, and the second time I went I had overwhelming proof to me of the truth of the continuity of life after so-called death. From that time forward I was a Spiritualist.

### WHAT THE VICAR DID.

When the vicar, Canon Clark, now Bishop of Melbourne, missed me from my accustomed seat, and was told that I was investigating Spiritualism, he became greatly alarmed. He soon after gave three Sunday afternoon addresses in the Parish Church against Spiritualism. I went to hear two, but was too shocked to go to the third one, for he

said that none but evil spirits could return. He believed spirits could return, but certainly not good ones, and quoted the New Testament demoniacal possession in support of his opinion. He had seen me present at his addresses, and, I suppose, thought that he had quite settled me, and a few days later, overtaking me near to his house, he called across to me, "You musn't trifle with sacred things, Mrs. Parr." I said, "Who is trifling with sacred things? I am not, it is you. Your conception of God is very different to mine; if you believe that He allows none but evil spirits to return, whatever should you or I do if that were so? You said, too, that you had been reading up some books on the subject during the week. I have been doing the same thing for several years. You said you had had no experience, but did not believe it. I said, 'If that is true, then you had no business to get up in the pulpit and talk about something you did not understand.'" To which he replied by wishing me "Good afternoon!"

A few days after the above conversation he called to see me, and we had a long talk on Spiritualism. I gave him some of my many experiences, and he was greatly interested. At the close of our interview he remarked that after what I had told him he would not say that spirit return was not true. Though now in Melbourne he often writes to us.

I daresay he will often think of our conversation, though he never alludes to it.

### SHOCKED.

I believe the Church people here were shocked at me, and consoled with my husband, and looked askance at me. But it is surprising how you can live things down. If you try to live your life the best you can, for so doing we bring the angels into our lives and homes. I know that we are often favoured in our home by those from high condition of spirit life, who come to us with our own loved ones.

### NO COMPROMISE.

When it was known that my husband was the Mayor elect, a lady said to me, "I suppose you won't go to the Spiritual Rooms now, will you?" I replied, "Certainly. I am a Spiritualist, and proud to be one." "Oh," she said, "I thought perhaps your husband would not like you to go now you are Mayoress." I told her that he said he would leave it with me, as he knows that Spiritualism is true.

I have often surprised people when I have told them that I would not exchange my knowledge of Spiritualism for all the wealth the world could give me. I daresay they think wealth is a grand thing; and so it is if rightly used, not else; but I prize my knowledge of Spiritualism far more.

I am a member of the Bond-street Spiritualist Church, though I may go to church sometimes during our term of office. But apart from the musical portions of the service, I am not in the least interested, for I cannot conscientiously repeat the creeds, and there is very little in the orthodox sermon to interest me, so I am afraid I shall not get much good there.

### CONCLUSION.

I told a lady the other day that I was bound to be a Spiritualist. She asked, in a tone of surprise, "Why?" "Because," I said, "I



MRS. J. A. PARR.

have had so much proof. I have had enough to write a book about." My husband has asked me more than once if I would write my experiences. I tell him I may sometime, if I am spared long enough. I have seen many forms of genuine phenomena in our own home. For instance, one of my spirit daughters plays the guitar (which rests in a corner of the drawing-room, which she has not played upon for months, since my daughter, who used to accompany her on the mandoline and piano, went abroad), and within the last month it has been played upon on three occasions by invisible hands whilst we were sitting in the room. I have not seen a materialisation, but am looking forward sometime to be favoured.

M. PARR, Glen Villas, Dewsbury.

## A Blind Medium's Experiences.

**PREFATORY.**—The following interesting narrative of the career and mediumistic experiences of Mr. William Proctor, who is well known as "the Blind Medium," of Barrow-in-Furness, has been obtained from that gentleman by Mr. W. W. Oldfield, of Barrow Old Island, who has kindly placed the manuscript in our hands for publication. The article, though written in the first person, was dictated by Mr. Proctor, and taken down by our contributor. By a foot-note to be appended the cause of Mr. Proctor's blindness will be stated. The narration will require several weeks for its complete publication.—ED.

THE first time I heard of Spiritualism was in the early part of 1872, in Tudor-square, Dalton. An old gentleman by the name of Taylor, who came from Keighley, in Yorkshire, visited our town, bringing with him a large parcel of pamphlets, amongst which was the little paper known as *The Spiritual Reporter*. He distributed them freely among the people. Two of these he gave to me, saying, "You'll find those will be useful to you some day; be sure and read them." I had them read and re-read, and was very much shocked at their contents.

The next time I heard of Spiritualism was from my friend, Mr. George Garnett, who at that time was a Wesleyan local preacher in our circuit, I myself being a Primitive local preacher. Mr. Garnett was planned at the chapel of a small village called Marten, and I was planned the same Sunday at Askam. We both met at Orgrave Mill, and he at once introduced the subject of Spiritualism, carrying out the truth of the old text, "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." I listened to all my friend had to say, and when he had finished I reminded him that it was the work of the devil to deceive the very elect, exhorting him to "flee from the wrath to come."

My friend assured me that it was no work of the devil, but a divine revelation to convert men from materialism to religion. I was not at that time prepared to accept Mr. Garnett's statement.

The very same day Mr. and Mrs. Crellin returned from Barrow, where they had been on a visit. The first words the old man uttered were, "My son John is not dead. I've been talking to him at Barrow." I began to talk to the old man very seriously, trying to show him how impossible it was for his son to come back from heaven to earth and speak to him. All my talking availed nothing, for the old people had seen and heard too much at Barrow for their faith to be shaken.

### FIRST EXPERIENCES.

The subject was fully discussed that night. Mr. Garnett and I agreed to meet there again after our services were over. We did so, and after another lengthy discussion, we decided to hold a Spiritualist meeting on the Saturday evening following. We subsequently met. I will now commence with my first experience.

We were nine in number, six men and three women. Our old friend Mr. Crellin was appointed to conduct the meeting. After we had sung a hymn and offered a prayer we seated ourselves at a small table. We had the following conditions to adhere to:—We had not to talk nor move our hands under any circumstances. We had to sing softly.

At seven o'clock we all lightly placed our hands upon the table, causing them to touch each all round. At last eight o'clock came, so I ventured to say, "I think they have all gone to supper." I was told to hold my tongue and trust in God. Nine o'clock came, so I asked the old man if he thought all the spirits had gone to Barrow. We began to think of giving up, but the old man entreated us to try another hour. We did so, and at five minutes to ten the table began to oscillate. Presently it began to tilt, and the old man said, "Is that you, John?"

The table immediately responded with three loud knocks. By and bye it was suspended about six inches from the floor, and it revolved with great rapidity. At last it went right up to the ceiling.

### THE TABLE AND THE BIBLE.

The following may seem a record of impossibilities, but I assure your readers they are absolutely true. While the table was suspended from the ceiling four men tried to pull it down, but failed. They asked me to help them, but I answered "Not for the world." I was too much afraid at what had transpired.

The table, by the way, was a small round one, with three legs. Between the legs there was fastened a board, which is commonly called "the board for the cat to sit upon." After waiting for some time for the table to come down, Mrs. Crellin said, "I know what will bring it down." She took an old family Bible and placed it upon the "cat's board," when the table immediately descended.

The old man invited us to again take our seats at the table, and they sat down as before. I was then asked to take my seat at the table, but with fear and trembling I declined. After much persuasion, however, I again placed my hand upon the table, which was immediately suspended again from the ceiling. The old lady again tried her Bible, but this time without effect. They all tried to pull it down, excluding myself, but could not. Just at that time I was in a recess in one corner of the room. I was trembling from head to foot. I pleaded with the old man to let us go home, declaring I would never come into his house again. I was, however, induced to place one hand on the table, when it immediately came down.

Before separating on the Saturday night, the friends, with the exception of myself, decided to meet again the following Sunday after service. I would not promise to be there. I felt within myself that I would never sit again. Five of the friends present were Wesleyan Methodists, but they all came to the Primitive Methodist chapel the following Sunday. As soon as the service was over they besought me to accompany them again just once more. I told them I thought we were doing wrong, but at last, however, I consented to go.

### THE SECOND MEETING.

We opened the meeting with prayer, placing our hands upon the table as the clock struck eight. We sat until eleven o'clock, but had no sign of any movement from the table. I can assure you I was in no way disappointed. We gave up our meeting, promising to meet again on the Monday. These meetings were repeated every night for three weeks, but we had no move of the table during the whole of that time.

We at last came to the conclusion to have a prayer-meeting, and decided to hold it on the Saturday evening following. We did so, and this was our prayer: "Oh! Lord, if this be Thy work, let the table move to-night. If it be the work of the devil, let it keep still, and we will abandon it for ever."

After spending a time in solemn prayer, we again seated ourselves round the table. We had not sat long before the table began to move, and the old man exclaimed, "I told you it was the work of God." What seemed strangest to me was that everyone could keep passive except a young lady and myself. We trembled from head to foot, and no matter how we tried to keep our hands still upon the table we could not. The old man began to ask questions, and some most remarkable truths came through the table that night, which caused me to begin to think very seriously about the matter.

We had visited Dr. Dobson's, in Forshaw-street, Barrow, to receive instructions how to proceed. My friend Mr. Garnett and others were there. Dr. Dobson presented me with a copy of *The Medium and Daybreak*, which I had read through and through for me. We sat again on the Sunday evening, and our spirit friends were there to meet us, for as soon as we placed our hands upon the table it began to move. By this time we had created quite a commotion in the town, and night after night dozens of people came to see the table move; in fact, it became the topic for conversation throughout the town. The ministers of the different churches began to preach about the matter, pointing out that it was the fulfilment of the Bible prophecy, and alleging that they were demons and damned spirits who had come from the "regions below" to deceive the children of God!

(To be continued.)

**HALF PRICE.**—"Studies in Psychic Research," by Frank Podmore. Published at 12s. 6d. A few offered at 6s. 6d. post free.

## Are Spirit Forces Being Withdrawn?

CHARLES TABERNER.

THE question has recently been so often asked—are spirit forces being withdrawn?—that I have been tempted to answer it, so far as my convictions lead me to recognise the absence of those deeper manifestations which were so prominent twenty to thirty years ago. Some go so far as to state that these forces are certainly being withdrawn from the plane of material life, and give this as the reason for the seemingly want of those clear, intelligible, and positive proofs which were so numerous in the near past.

There is no denying the fact that to-day the manifestations of spirit presence are not what they were in the time of the old pioneers. What is the reason or cause? Does it lie with the spirits, or does it rest entirely with ourselves? It must attach itself to one or the other, and to lay the fault with the spirits is to charge them with indifference, a want of interest, and as variable as we in the body. Through the vast cycle of time these so-termed dead entities have struggled with a persistent determination to break through the confines of material to make the world conscious of their continued existence after death as thinking entities, and after accomplishing this, is it natural or reasonable to suppose that those forces would be withdrawn, and they take no further interest in following up the advantage they have gained by years of concentration?

To assume that such is the case is to destroy the good intentions of they who have gained for us this great victory over death, and take from them that truism which comes alone from a purified soul. Rather have let us remain in darkness all our days than have given us the glorious light of eternal life for a few years, then to forsake us, and leave us stranded on the shore of uncertainty, caring not for the future. Some people may go so far as to say they are no longer necessary because spirit return is an acknowledged fact, and it rests entirely with us to force it onward. Spiritualism, without the manifestations of the so-called dead, would soon die.

Spirit return is in order with natural law, and quite a natural sequence of having lived here, and the forces cannot be withdrawn, but may be obscured by the density of human life, and the accumulation of the oppressive elements which prevent the direct manifestations of the spirit through the intensified surroundings of individual experience, for we must not forget that it is purely and simply a correspondence between the soul in the body with the soul out of it, and the closer we are able to bring our souls to be the ruling power in our lives, the deeper manifestations are we able to receive, and the more are we able to sink all material when seeking intercourse with the dead, the more direct and conclusive are the evidences which are placed before us. To gain the deeper manifestations of spirit presence we must forget for the time being, when engaged in our investigations, that there is such a place as a material world, but how many can do this to-day? and every day makes it more difficult. The fast and busy life, the poverty which creates bitterness and hate, the injustice which drives souls to destruction, and the jealousy which is scouring the nature, are all things which interfere with, and prevent much of that truer manifestation we are craving for to-day, while the keen competition in daily life plays havoc with the power necessary for these manifestations. Even in our circles the mind must be active and cannot avoid wandering to matters of a material character. The tension to-day is so high, and the excitement so great, that it would require almost a superhuman effort to bring the mind into focus to the required conditions necessary for a clear and perfect manifestation of the presence of the dead.

Some may discredit the statement that the minds of the sitters play an important part in the success or otherwise of spirit manifestations, but such is a fact. Where the mind is wandering, distressed or bitter, there can be little real manifestation, because there is a want of sympathy, a want of feeling, and a want of interest, which keeps the nature positive, while all superfluous energy is expended in supplying the waste in the human body; thus there is little left which the spirit may use to build up any form of manifestation. Thus, in my opinion, the fault lies with us, and not with the spirit.

Is there the same genuine interest in the subject of spirit manifestations there was twenty years ago? Then it was a mystery, and mystery of whatever character has a strange attraction or fascination for most minds, but, to-day, much of that mystery has gone owing to the many facts which from

time to time have been given to the people, and established beyond question the identity of the spirit as the operator behind the curtain of death; consequently there is not the same eagerness, the same depth of feeling, or the same honest search by each individual sitter. The whole term here applies in a general measure, that familiarity breeds contempt, because it is taken to be a natural consequence that the mere act of sitting is sufficient to produce spirit manifestations, without the thought of the part each individual must play to successfully produce honest manifestation; consequently there is wanting that deep, earnest yearning of the soul for light and liberty, and when proof is sought for some sceptical sitter, the minds are so firmly fixed in this one direction, as though they would force some particular manifestation as a proof to this one person. Thus the concentration of the minds for this one object defeats the purpose for which they sit, and prevents that positive proof which would come as a natural consequence of honest investigation.

We cannot force any particular form of manifestation, neither can we guarantee anything so far as spirit is concerned. It must rest entirely with the operators to use whatever forces they have at hand, and to them must lie the determining of the direction such manifestations must take. None may say what they shall nor shall not do.

Is the presence of the spirit needed less to-day than it was twenty years ago, that their forces should be withdrawn from a close association with this planet, earth? As I said before, I say again. Spirit return is a natural order of things, and must ever be in close touch with this world of material. Some to complete their interrupted earth life, others as a means of punishment to force them to undo the deeds of the past, while others come because their souls bleed because of the misery and suffering, and because of the bitter wail of the impoverished soul which in ignorance appeals to them for help. Does a mother lose her love for those she has left behind after the change called death? Does a father have any less feeling because he has entered the beyond, or can a wife or husband change so suddenly that they can retire without compunction while those who are left behind are sorrowing in misery and despair? We say emphatically, no! Death makes the bond stronger, and could you see the weight of agony and pleading seen on the faces of the so-termed dead, when they are unable to make their presence known to their loved ones, you would, we think, be inclined to say, with more energy and power, let us clear the gross material from our lives, and make the pathway easier for these tortured souls, and gain for them a greater measure of happiness by bringing them into closer touch with their loved, but lost.

If any of the dead entities we have quoted saw the objects of their affection in danger, weighed down with care, or treading the path which leads to destruction, do you think it possible they could be untouched, or for one moment think of withdrawing from the earth. Their love would prevent any such action, while at times they are almost desperate in their efforts to communicate with their loved ones, but the door has been closed by the people themselves in most cases, and until they clear away the accumulations, so long will they be debarred from enjoying the full glory of true spirit manifestations. Many are robbed of this glorious truth because of adverse conditions which enbitters their nature. They are denied the means of gaining a livelihood, and as a consequence their souls become hard and bitter, while the uncertainty of the future fills them with dread of what their position may be in the future, and for such as these we feel truly sorry. They are denied light because they cannot bring their minds to the right condition to gain any direct manifestation, yet the fault is not altogether their own, but in part rests with each one who is a party to such a state.

The sun is always shining, but why do we not see it in wet, dull weather. Has it ceased to shine? Certainly not, but the elements have changed, and for the time being obscured its rays. So it is with spirit. The fault lies with the people of earth in not being able to offer the conditions necessary for the more positive manifestation of their presence while the intensifying of the conditions which surround human life, you are surely placing a barrier between the material and spiritual world which is almost impossible to break through.

What then is the remedy. A more direct correspondence between soul and soul. A just consideration of the rights of others. Practical sympathy for they in distress, and who are more unfortunate than ourselves, a deeper interest in they who are in sorrow, no matter from what cause, and by

applying ourselves to the destruction of all that causes pain, sorrow, misery, and want, we shall then have found the cause, why spirit manifestations to-day are not what they were; and by the removal of the cause the spirit will prove, by their repeated presence, that they cannot forsake the earth, for on that plane remains they who are a part of themselves.

## How a "Voice" Won My Stripes.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

KARL R. REYNOLDS,

AUTHOR OF "HIS MOTHER'S DOUBLE," "THE WITCH'S REVENGE," ETC.

SCOTLAND YARD, and especially the Detective Department, is the museum of interesting expectations, and detectives are always at hand, with or without clues to track down the law-breakers.

I had been "shadowing" for a few days, and had just given in my report when the telephone began to ring. The "super" instantly answering, bade me take down the conversation and prepare myself for a "man hunt," and in less than sixty minutes I was speaking to a lady at a semi-detached villa not far from the Crystal Palace.

She was a widow, and the mother of a gay and reckless son. Seeing that my visit was a secret one, I was asked by her into a well-furnished room. The old lady's face was exceedingly sweet, without a single line of hypocrisy marked thereon, and as she sobbed she covered her face with her white hands, which corresponded with her silvery hair. When the shock was over and her sobs had subsided, I asked her if her son was in the house, or if she knew of his whereabouts. "Of a truth I know not, believe me, officer. I would rather know he was in your hands than not know where my wayward lad is at the present time."

This I verily believed. I omitted to state that during her grief I turned my head to the left of me and beheld a billiard cue. Attached to the cue was a small silver plate with the following inscription engraved thereon:—"Presented to Frank Gayety (here I purposely omit his real name for the great respect I have for his mother), The Turf Hotel, ———, Nr. London."

I bade the lady adieu, promising to forward all forthcoming particulars. I mounted a bus, and within fifteen minutes was seated in the billiard room of the Turf Hotel, watching two smartly groomed young gentlemen making some very fine shots. I noticed their conversation flagged directly I entered the room, and my glass of "hot Irish" was certainly getting cold, so I drank up, and touching the button on the wall, soon found myself in possession of "hot Irish" number two.

Drawing myself closer to the fire and nearer the players, for I felt conscious that something could be learnt here before long. I was not mistaken. I readily fell in with their pronoun, He, and felt sure I was in the company of at least two of his companions. My chance had come. Keeping my eyes fixed on the paper which I held in my hand, for to control myself and think clearly was the wisest game for me to play.

"He speaks French as fluently as any educated French grammarian," said the taller of the two men.

Enough, I was off, and I cannot say whether I did not leave my "Irish" on that little oak table in the billiard room.

I made my way as quickly as I could to London Bridge Station. There were but few people travelling south. Rain and sleet were falling fast. I sat alone in a third-class carriage bound for Deal, for I had previously learnt that my suspect had an uncle living at this resort, and my suspicions were that he might be hiding with him until a favourable opportunity occurred to steal away to the shores of France. I was working my plan of operation out, and congratulating myself upon having an empty compartment when, to my sorrow, the carriage door was opened and an elderly gentleman entered. The train steamed out and my companion mechanically handed me his cigar case. We puffed away at the tobacco leaf and chatted. Needless for me to say, my plans were incomplete when we arrived at Deal.

During the journey I had learnt that my companion had been on a visit to his married daughter, and was returning home to Deal, having purchased a well-established boarding house there. The old gentleman certainly had his eye to business, for he took out his card, and, squaring his shoulders, said, "if you have not settled on any particular house, my wife and daughter will make you very comfortable." I was

forced to lead him into a blind alley, and make him believe that it was to see a real rough sea that I was having a few days at Deal.

We had nearly reached our journey's end when he made me promise I would give him a call before I left the neighbourhood. Now, what I really wanted was a quiet spot where I could pop in and out unnoticed. So after looking round for three or four hours, I came to the conclusion that I could not do better than settle with my friend, the "railway companion," so accordingly I surveyed the locality, and found the house an ideal spot for me, for from here I could observe the uncle's house and watch the people on the pier, from the verandah.

The wind was blowing a hurricane, the streets were deserted, the hotels were lit up, and I meant to visit every high-class billiard room in the town before I made tracks in another direction for my man. I had been unsuccessful, and with a disappointed heart I wended my way to my lodgings. I rung the bell, and when the door was opened I had not to introduce myself, for the old gentleman himself opened the door. Holding out his hand he said, "welcome, welcome, my lad," and calling his wife, he quickly introduced me to her, and then to his only lodger, who, like myself, had come for a few days' rest (?)

After we had all partaken of a good, substantial meal, Mr. Landlord introduced a pack of cards and a bottle of brandy. All went well for the space of some sixty minutes, chatting, smoking, joking, when suddenly, to our astonishment, our young friend (the lodger) swooned off into a fainting fit. No time was lost to do all we could for him; we laid his head on a cushion out of the draught and away from the roasting fire. Brandy and water was at hand, and, unfastening his collar, I sighted two letters worked on his singlet, "F.G."

My God, could this be true, is this the very man I am seeking? No, a thousand names will stand for F.G. Besides his clothing, his hair, his features do not tally with the man I want. Nevertheless, I was determined to know more about him, and as he rallied he thanked us very politely, and the good lady of the house suggested going for a doctor, which he declined with thanks. He simply asked in a feeble manner if he could retire to his room, apologising for having caused such a tremour; having bid us all goodnight, I need hardly say he became the subject of our conversation for the rest of the evening.

During our conversation I asked permission to go to my room to get a few cigars, but in reality I was consulting my note book, which read something like this: "F.G.—Blue serge suit; complexion between color; hair brown, more light than dark; moustache same color, curly; perfect teeth; double-jointed wrists."

Joining the company once again I handed my case of "La Unions" to the landlord. The hands of the clock were slipping round. The sad incident had put a check on our merriment, and having finished my smoke I suggested I would retire to rest, when the bell from "F.G.'s" room rang loudly. The old gentleman said he would go and see what was wanted, and I waited for his return.

"The young gentlemen," said the landlord, "has decided to return to London by the first train in the morning, and he would like to have his breakfast soon after six."

"Good night all." The response was quickly returned, and in a few moments I sat alone on the edge of my bed making a short report of the day's doings, after which I hurriedly skipped into bed, for it was exceedingly cold. But sleep I could not, and in this strange half sleep half awake condition, I heard a voice, clear and distinct, calling me by my Christian name, demanding to see my note book. I raised my head from the pillow, and to my surprise and pleasure I was alone. Had I had too much alcohol—no! Again, this time behind me, I heard the same voice, "See your note book F.G., F.G." To please the spirits, if spirits they were, I thought I would see my note book, and examine what I had written respecting F.G. After reading every description and detail respecting F.G., I got back into bed feeling convinced it was only an hallucination, and in this state of mind I fell off to sleep, which only lasted about half an hour, for I had noticed the hands of the small clock which stood on the mantelpiece had only gone one when I was awakened, and now it was not yet two o'clock, and I was wide awake mystified by noises that mortal man could not reasonably account for. My bed vibrated so violently and mysteriously that beads of perspiration stood out from all parts of my body. In this weird and uncanny experience I offered up a mental

prayer that the gods or spirits would leave me, and here I confess for the first time my nerves were giving way. Giving way, at what? Nothing. Why were these globes of perspiration standing on my forehead? For nothing, nothing at all! Minutes seemed hours. Having lighted the gas I was suddenly dug in the side just under my armpit, by what seemed to me to be a stick or umbrella.

The suddenness of this blow forced me out of bed, and as I rolled out the initials F.G. were pronounced more audibly than before. Shall I dress or shall I call the landlord, or what shall I do? Never was I or any other "Tec." from Scotland Yard in such a corner. I had laughed at ghost stories, and tales of goblins sitting on tombstones at night were to me good jokes, but now I frankly confess I was beaten—I was cornered.

For the third time I made an attempt to sleep. 'Twas not to be. Again that mysterious voice, "Dress, F. G. is here." I intuitively obeyed. My pluck was returning, and I had thoroughly made up my mind that my fellow-lodger should not pass the street door until I had satisfied myself that he was not F. Gayety. I would examine his wrist, and should he be double-jointed, I would retain him on suspicion.

Shortly after five o'clock I heard footsteps about the house, and to my joy it was the landlord himself. I told him I would take breakfast with the young man. Breakfast was served, the door closed, and we sat alone. I tried hard to see his wrists, but could not, so contented myself with carefully criticising his hair and features. I could see that the centre parting of his hair was not of long duration, the upper lip clean shaven, and his two front teeth were gone. He rose to bid me "bonne matin." I gripped his hand and drew it toward me, and to my consternation his wrist revealed the two joints. Instantly F. Gayety was my prisoner!

At his trial it was proved how cunningly he had prepared his flight and disguise, even in the unusual dodge of having his front teeth extracted. Needless to say, I was commended by the judge, and shortly afterwards I received my promotion, but the credit and thanks are due to the mystic goblins on that never-to-be-forgotten night.

## Man and His Brain.

### A Brief Study in Mediumship.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

THE constant detection of frauds by certain mediums who revel in physical manifestations is naturally most discouraging to the investigator who is seeking proof that spirits "return" and communicate with mortals.

Of course a shadow falls also upon the mental medium, though, usually, there is nothing more tangible before the Court than a claim for obtaining money under false pretences. But the fact remains that all mediumship is under a cloud in the minds of many who have grown discouraged by the contradictions and mistakes, even in the family circle, untainted by mortal fraud.

It is natural that earnest believers should dream of conditions that would protect both sensitive and sitter from all errors and mistakes. Their idea is founded on the conception that the spirit is a natural truth-teller if there is no mortal interference. A recent proposition by the Editor of *The Annals of Psychical Science* reverts to the practise of the ancient oracles whose priests buried their sensitives in seclusion from public influence and freedom from worldly care. This Editor begs for a fund of \$250,000, hoping to work a similar miracle on behalf of modern oracles, by removing monetary temptation from the mortal who is an instrument for wireless telegraphy between heaven and earth—everything is ready but the cash. Just a glint of gold is all that is needed to assure success.

The present writer sympathises with such an inspiration, but proposes to present a few cold facts that render such a scheme impossible of success. A medium is a mortal who is sensitive to sights, sounds, and thought,—impressions which find no echo in the normal brain. There are many just enough susceptible to astonish their neighbours. They are probably psychometric and telepathic, which are everyday senses, and do not, necessarily, touch the line of communication with an unseen world. Just a step further and the line is crossed, and the living and the dead meet. Most fortunately

for the world comparatively few cross this line, and realise the experiences that follow.

The secret of the power by which mind can make use of matter is, so far, hidden in the safe-deposit of the Divine, but the fact remains that certain cells in the human brain do receive and impart intelligence by means of vibration. A thought, whether received or imparted, is intelligence at work, using energy to compel motion in the brain cell. This is now accepted as a natural fact. Indeed, Modern Spiritualism is founded on the proved fact that a thought can travel across space and echo itself in a distant brain. If those brains be mortal the process is called "telepathy." But if one of the "intelligences" has crossed the "divide," it is called "spirit-return."

There is common belief that a man can at will control his own brain cell. That belief may sometimes be true, and sometimes it may not. No mortal has entire control of his brain, and we must remember that the man we recognise is known to us by his brain activity. He may be a musician or a mathematician—rarely both—and probably has a memory almost perfect in some phases, and nearly silent in others. His loves, his hates, his aspirations, his whole passionate nature demand brain cells for their expression.

The man we know and see is merely an expression of manhood through certain brain cells. He uses certain cells, and leaves others inactive, and the marvellous fact, as yet almost unstudied, is that these unused cells can be suddenly called into activity, whereupon a very different manhood appears. The man who is a saint in daily life is leaving unused certain cells which the hypnotist can call into activity, whereupon the saint disappears, and a very active sinner may take his place. I refer the student to the profound work of Dr. Morton Prince on "The Dissociation of a Personality," wherein one patient has some six different expressions of her womanhood, each demanding the use of cells apparently unoccupied. This "multiple personality" is to-day a well-attested fact. The thought I want to follow now is that no cells in the mortal brain, used by an outside intelligence, are most likely to be those unused, or least used by the mortal himself. In other words a medium will exhibit powers that we do not recognise in his normal life. These unused cells may thus be a source of danger when called into sudden activity by an outside intelligence.

Yet, further, the physiologist tells us that normal man makes use, to a large extent, of but one of the two halves or lobes into which his brain is divided. In case of injury to one he slowly learns to make use of the other. Science has seemed to teach that one lobe was little more than Nature's precaution against accident to the other. Still the thinker will recognise that when the coming man acquires the full use of every cell in both lobes he will have powers that will evolve a manhood impossible to-day. For the dynamo that now limits his life's expression will be doubled in power. Meantime we see that not merely are there cells "to let" in the brain lobe he uses now, but much of the other lobe is offering its unused capability to the intelligence that can wield and direct it. Such seems to be a fact in nature, marking the limitations and possibilities of man the mortal.

When we apply these facts to mediumship we learn a striking lesson in what we may call "the martyrdom of the medium." So far as a spirit expresses himself through the brain of a mortal, we now see that his easiest pathway will sometimes lie through cells unused, or but little used by the mortal. Thus, while the form of expression which has become automatic in each of us may show but little change, the thought back of the verbal expression may be exhibiting a different personality to that known to the friends of the sensitive. That mysterious change demands, for the most part, the use of brain cells, which the owner rarely calls into activity.

Those who have studied the remarkable changes in Miss Beauchamp's mental activity see at once that the girl, whose life was that of a saint, as Dr. Morton Prince tells us, would have little or no use for cells which expressed passionate hatred and gross animal propensities. But those cells are there all the same, and when they were called into activity, Miss Beauchamp exhibited a personality which Dr. Morton Prince calls "a devil," otherwise "Sally Beauchamp." Other brain cells, apparently unused by the doctor's normal patient, exhibited, when active, personal phases of womanhood with a distinct personality to each. We must grasp this wonderful truth in its fulness if we hope to understand mediumship.

San Leandro, Cal.

## Some Remarkable Materialisations.

ALFRED ROWE.

ON Sunday night, November 25th, Mrs. Crompton was expected to lecture in the Northumberland Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, but being unable to come, Mr. W. N. Williams, of America, now resident in London, being in the locality on business, kindly consented to give some of his experiences in materialisations with Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Fay, of Boston. The lecturer being a stranger, and his subject being attractive, drew a very large and intelligent audience, which crowded the hall. Mr. W. H. Robinson, who is a personal friend of Mr. Williams, accompanied him on the platform, and, by his patriarchal appearance, made the meeting reminiscent of some of the stirring times of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, and at the request of Mr. G. Gleave, the chairman, further put the large audience in a sympathetic and harmonious mood, by a few personal and appreciative remarks, first, as to the high character of the lecturer, and second, on the materialisations seen in Newcastle many years ago with Miss Wood and Mrs. Fairlamb (now Mrs. Gleave), who was present. Mr. Robinson, by a sunny and most optimistic mind, always lifts people on to transcendental planes, and leaves them there, in expectation of yet grander things. In this case we were not disappointed.

Mr. Williams is a fine specimen of a man, being over six feet high and built in proportion. He is the son of the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Boston; is very intellectual, and the patentee of several machines in common use. Many of his experiences he shared with the Rev. M. J. Savage, Professor James, Dr. Everts, of Harvard College, and Dr. Hodgson, and others. His investigations extended to nearly two years, with an average of five or six seances a week, so that they ran into thousands. His first sittings were with Mrs. Piper, with whom he got the great tests that convinced him of the truth of Spiritualism. He got messages from his dead father, mother, and sister; all in their voice and without any possibility of simulation. But with Mrs. Fairchild and Mrs. Fay, he got those proofs of materialisations which were a source of wonder and have remained as the crowning evidence of a new faith, which the intervening years has only strengthened and intensified. He has seen hands stretched over the cabinet with the medium sitting in front in sight of all; he has seen them dematerialise in their sight and reappear again laughing. One young girl threw herself on the floor and asked him to follow her, and as he looked she was gone. Another put her hands in his, so that he might feel them, and was told to hold them fast, and as he did so, the form gradually dematerialised till the hands only were left, and then they, too, were gone while he still essayed to hold them. Flowers they often had in abundance, till they almost became a nuisance. But the most remarkable was the following: It took place at Mrs. Fay, where a spirit built up slowly in the centre of the circle—in a fairly good light—the medium remaining in the cabinet. It appeared first as a small white spot on the carpet, then it grew larger and appeared as a fountain of water, except that the water looked like smoke, which came up the centre and fell over the sides till it reached about three feet in height. Then a shower of black hair fell over the white matter, which was now seen to be drapery, and a head appeared, and the form rose rapidly till the complete form of a female appeared, draped in white. She stood a moment before the circle, then stepped over to one of the sitters and conversed several minutes, and then dematerialised before the circle without going near the cabinet. This was probably the usual method of form-building now shown in light sufficient for all to see, and very wonderful it was.

The narrative of those materialisations made a deep impression on the audience, and many, no doubt, felt if only they could see something similar, how much it would help to convince or strengthen their belief in spirit-return. Unfortunately, those marvellous manifestations are very rare now for some reason, and while we wait for their return, or something better, it is good for us to hear from the lips of intelligent men and women the accounts of what they have seen. Many of those who were the early witnesses are now, like Mr. Williams, getting grey with age, and it may be soon they will have all departed and leave us with memories only of a wonderful dispensation. While they are still with us, let us prize their testimonies and thank God that even to

them the spirit world did demonstrate its existence by breaking over in the radiant energies of remarkable manifestations.

## "Cui Bono?"

R. T. H. ABBOTT.

WHAT good is it, supposing it is true?  
How oft we hear this shallow, trembling quest  
Of wav'ring souls, to whom the seeming new  
Is e'er, with dread, reluctantly confest!

No new thing is the mystic spirit voice  
That breathes upon the inner consciousness,  
Whose hope inspiring bids us all rejoice,  
Whose radiant form, appearing, comes to bless!

An old, old presence, co-eval with love,  
Aye, bursting through the fabric of our fears,  
Piercing our blackest depths from spheres above,  
Soothing our sorrows, drying up our tears!

A very ancient truth, in very deed,  
Since first, erect, God's human children ran,  
Ancestral spirits sought their loved to lead—  
No new thing, verily, but old as man!

But clearer now, ah, yes! We slowly grow,  
The ape and tiger die; the angel shapes,  
To nobler purposes, our lives, and, lo!  
Wider the portal spiritual gapes!

Man is a stair by which the bestial climbs  
Unto the godlike, is a truth profound;  
Evolving percepts broaden, till the chimes  
That peal in higher realms, to us resound!

The vision clears and penetrates the veil  
Which hid the there from here! we see! we hold!  
No phantoms spectral, grisly, grim, and pale,  
But lost-loved, radiant, in our arms we fold!

We hear their message, "Life is up and on,  
Persistent, progressive; and love is all!  
Despair is not, for life from death is won,  
True self is found in heeding duty's call!"

What good is it? The pattern in God's plan  
Grows clearer in this glow of living light,  
The doourest dreads of pessimistic man  
Are fading as this sun illumines his night!

What good is it? Our loved are ours again,  
And we are theirs, united o'er the stream.  
Bereavement softens, joy displaces pain,  
And heaven is no longer "but a dream"!

Fulham.

A LIFE that only marks time, that does not march forward, cannot be a victorious life. The more battles won, the more victorious the forward movement. If a man gains but an inch a day against temptation and privation he is a growing, conquering disciple. The man who stands still is a useless, half-defeated one.

DEAD GIRL REVISITS HER LOVER.—The story of the return of the spirit of a dead sweetheart is told on the authority of the Rev. A. Chambers, of Brockenhurst, Hants, in the *Occult Review*. The vicar relates how a young man in grief at the death of his sweetheart prayed earnestly and constantly for a sign that she lived beyond the grave. The sequel was that while at work in his office one day he looked up and saw the dead girl on the other side of the room. She moved a little towards him and tried to speak. When he rushed towards her she vanished. After this occurrence he woke one night and found the girl standing by his bedside. Three times she laid her right hand across her mouth in a peculiar manner. Later he remembered that before the body of his sweetheart was put in the coffin he had tried to kiss her, and a sister pulled his head back and held her hand across his mouth.

IS IT TRUE?—A Paris correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* writes: "That distinguished astronomer at the head of the Paris Observatory, Professor Camille Flammarion, has renounced Spiritualism. The news has come with tremendous surprise to his intimate friends and to the readers of the numerous books in which he has treated cases of psychic phenomena at great length, and evidently with a perfect belief in their full reality and significance. Now, without throwing over the subjective value of spirit manifestations, M. Flammarion denies their objective importance. Years ago, when steeped to the lips in Spiritualism, he declared that all his inspiration came from a spirit lady. She appeared to him at constant intervals, and in the midst of speaking to his wife his lips would suddenly cease to articulate because he was listening to the conversation of a ghostly visitant. He even went further, and incorporated into his own household a lady known particularly in Switzerland as a remarkable medium. Then suddenly he and the medium had no more spiritual relations, and the latest phase is his renunciation of the curious and disquieting phenomena of the spirit-world. The fact is of great interest to the orthodox world of Paris, and has caused as much comment as M. Paul Bourget's recent rally to the Church after the distinct hostility to her in his earlier novels."

## Are After-circles Desirable?

WILL PHILLIPS.

Yes! and no!

This answer to a most thorny question must not be taken as the usual equivocation of the cornered speaker who attempts to worm his way out of a difficult position by a series of diplomatic covering movements, and an endeavour to choose a broad-railed fence along which by careful balancing he may step gingerly out of difficulty. I mean that there are two broad ways of looking at the question, and that upon the standpoint from which it is viewed depends the nature of the answer.

I could have wished that the genial editor of *THE TWO WORLDS* had chosen a less ticklish subject for my handling, for I have, maybe unfortunately, often found myself dealing with questions upon which I have been compelled to speak out plainly and often in opposition to the accepted views of the majority. However, believing that "there is a destiny which shapes our ends," I accept the task.

"After-circles" are of various kinds, according to their conductors and their constituents, and their aims are varied according to the desires of their rulers. There is the circle run for the glory of man, that run for the glory of mammon, and that run for the glory of the angel world.

This classification may seem strange, but it covers the ground so far as it need be treated in this article. In order that the main question may be answered it will be necessary to sub-divide each class and deal with it separately.

First, then, "the circle run for the glory of man." "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," said the preacher, and the existence of many an after-circle may be traced to the vanity of the psychic who has attained a leading position in a Society. The after-circle provides the opportunity for the display of his brilliance by the particular star of the particular Society, and, in so far as that display is an unfolding to the public gaze of amazing ignorance and credulity, it may at once be said that the good of the Sunday services which have preceded the circle are bound to be nullified. It cannot be denied, however, that often vanity and mediumistic capacity go hand in hand, and the popinjay medium, with genuine powers is not an unknown character. Where genuine mediumistic faculty is brought to bear upon the demonstrations of phenomena, the question of the value of the after-circle must for the moment be left an open one. When the after-circle is used for the vulgar display of undeveloped faculties, or the parade of ignorant ostentation, it must most certainly receive the reprobation of all interested in the well-being of the Cause. But, at times, the display is participated in by more than one, and the "open circle" becomes a veritable pandemonium. The chattering and gesticulation of a couple or more of so-called "foreign" controls is a sight suitable for the stage of a music hall, and would—as a farce—be starred, but for a circle following a religious service, must certainly lead only to evil.

Now, as to the circle for the "glory of mammon." It will be asked, "is it possible that any circles can be held for the mere purpose of making money?" I am sorry that the answer must be in the affirmative. In more than one case the managers of Societies, while deploring to me the conditions of after-circles, have wound up by saying "but you see we could not keep the Society going but for them." I have not much to say upon this head, for the position is so clear as to admit of practically no discussion. Can any committee feel happy in thus holding a lamp to Lucifer?

With reference to the after-circle run for the glory of the angel world, there would seem to be no two opinions. Yet there are two sides even to this portion of the subject. The circle in competent hands with capable media may prove—nay, *should* prove—an added blessing to the benefactions of the day's services. Just as in the orthodox Church, the after-meeting should be a source of further helpfulness, so the true after-circle, well conducted, should be the hour of sweet communion, soul-stirring and refreshing. But while there are many who combine zeal with knowledge and discretion, it is unfortunate that many others, while having any amount of earnest energy, have too little of that saving grace of common sense, which would lead them to see that it would be far better to have no circle than one in which the reasonable investigator can find nought save that which provokes laughter or contempt. The spirit world can be

glorified only when it is approached with dignity and with reason, so that I am compelled to say that even where the glorification of Spiritualism is the one and only aim, it does not always follow that the after-circle is advantageous.

Now, however, comes the general aspect of the question. It must be patent to all that in too many cases the after-circle has practically no valid relationship to the services which have preceded it. When it is known that after-circles are held there is often an entirely different audience present than that which has attended the earlier meetings. I call to mind two very well-known meeting-places where I have, on retiring from the service, found a queue of people waiting to obtain entrance to the "show" which was to follow. Unfortunately the word "show" is not of my own application; it is one which I have heard over and over again applied by those awaiting admission. Such a circle can certainly have no relationship to the day's services. Those attending have to take the manifestations—all too often but crude endeavours of the "developing" medium—as typical of Spiritualism—for it is often all they learn of it—and, therefore, the philosophical reasoning of the speaker and the soul-inspiring invocation and hymns have had no opportunity of reaching them. Is this form of circle desirable?

To me, the one circle which *could* help would be that in which those who had partaken of the former services would remain for further spiritual unfoldment and upliftment—for that quiet, spiritual communion typified by the "last supper" of Christ and his disciples. When, however, the circle is composed of seekers for sensation, who look upon it as a kind of Sunday "hippodrome," there is no connection between it and the former services, and it must be judged upon its merits. When the circle becomes a mere adjunct for the making of money, and is left severely alone by the main officers of the Society, it can scarcely be claimed as "desirable." When the public have come to look upon it as a place where "the spirits" can be consulted, and the fee upon entry is looked upon as an earnest of a "test" or "description" to come, the circle is of a very doubtful nature from the standpoint of Spiritualism, and of the law. Where the after-circle is the exhibition ring of the vain but incompetent seeker after fame who dispenses spirit prescriptions and descriptions with generous alacrity and unctuous liberality, that circle is a menace to the well-being of the Cause. Where the untried though earnest psychic is allowed free play in the presence of the public, and goes flauntingly on, unconscious of defeat and failure; where there is a general medley of "control," and a carnival of undeveloped sensitiveness, there can be but one result to the Cause, viz., disaster.

In answer, then, to the main question, "Are After-circles Desirable?" I am bound to reply in the negative, in so far as such circles are usually known and generally conducted. But if the circle is made a true addendum to the earlier meeting, and is what may be termed a spiritual "love-feast" for those who desire closer communion with the spirit world, my answer would certainly be in the affirmative.

### Send Them to Bed With a Kiss.

O, mothers, so weary, discouraged,  
Worn out with the cares of the day,  
You often grow cross and impatient,  
Complain of the noise and the play.  
For the day brings so many vexations,  
So many things going amiss;  
But, mothers, whatever may vex you,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,  
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,  
The dear little hands find new mischief,  
To try you from morning till night;  
But think of the desolate mothers  
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,  
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,  
The silence will hurt you far more;  
You will long for their sweet childish voices,  
For a sweet childish face at the door.  
And to press a child's face to your bosom,  
You'd give all the world for just this;  
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

—New Orleans Picayune.

## Letters from South Africa.—No. II.

By Miss Florence Morse.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AND AGENT FOR "THE TWO WORLDS."

SINCE sending my previous letter, time has passed so rapidly that I can scarcely realise that it is just three months ago since I left England on my mission to far-away South Africa. Summer has now fairly begun, and it is astonishing to see the difference a few rain storms have made. Grass is growing, trees are green and fresh looking, and roses, honeysuckle and carnations are in full bloom. The skies are blue, the air almost too warm, and over everything the brilliant South African sunshine is streaming. How welcome some of its brightness would be in England just now!

During the past seven or eight weeks I have attended the Johannesburg Lyceum. It meets every Sunday morning under the conductorship of Mr. Jos. Horne, who works earnestly for the good of the children. The Lyceum was started about two years ago, and has some 40 children on its books. The children go through the marching and calisthenics in a very creditable manner, keeping good time; they read the silver and golden chain recitations very well indeed, and sing very sweetly. One very noticeable feature is the number of "Pearls" the children recite each Sunday. The boys are a little inclined to be backward in this respect, but the girls seldom fail to bring "Pearls" that are well chosen and full of interest and moral truth. As so frequently happens, there are only a few workers in the Lyceum. The Lyceum movement is comparatively new here, but I have no doubt that in a little while the band of willing and earnest workers will increase, as the importance of Lyceum work is more fully realised.

The Sunday evening meetings continue to draw large and enthusiastic audiences. By the time the services commence every chair is occupied, the lecture is received with rapt attention and hearty applause, and many highly-appreciative comments are made at the close of the meeting. There is a very marked improvement in the public acknowledgment of the clairvoyant descriptions, by far the largest proportion of them being now acknowledged at the time they are given, only a very few coming to me privately to tell me they recognised. Several times has it been my privilege to give convincing tests to some who attended in a spirit of levity, and so gave them food for thought. During the week, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, I hold seances for investigators in the Society's rooms in Ginsberg Chambers. At these seances questions are asked, and clairvoyance and psychometry are given. In this way much interest is aroused. I have also given a large number of private interviews, and have the great pleasure of knowing I have been the instrument through which comfort has been brought to sorrowing hearts by our spirit friends.

There is a developing circle in connection with the Society, started some months ago, and conducted by Mr. G. M. Horne. It is a little early to say much as to what the result will be, but there are indications that several mediums are likely to develop. The atmospheric conditions here are certainly very favourable to the development of mediumship, at this altitude (nearly 6,000 feet above sea level). The rarified atmosphere stimulates the growth of the psychic faculties, and is, I find, particularly favourable for clairvoyance.

The committee of the Society here are desirous that propaganda work shall be undertaken whenever possible, and it was thought the town of Krugersdorp offered a good field, as there are a few Spiritualists and Theosophists there who would assist in the necessary arrangements: renting a hall, advertising, etc. The matter was placed in the hands of Mr. G. M. Horne, who, with the aid of Mr. Veldhuizen, of Krugersdorp, organised a meeting for Saturday evening, Oct. 20th. I went in the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. G. M. Horne and Mr. W. Trewren. It was a beautiful day, and the train journey of eighteen miles was most pleasant. We were met at the station by Mr. Veldhuizen with a carriage, so that I might see as much of the town and surrounding country as possible in the hour-and-a-half we had to spare. It is a pretty town, quiet and pleasant. We drove out to see the famous Paardekraal Monument, and then out to the open veld for some distance, the ground being still quite dry, though the new grass was then beginning to show quite plainly. We passed one farm that was a delight

to look upon, everything so green, and the orange trees in good condition. The farm is beautifully situated in a sheltered vleij, and every advantage had been taken of the fine supply of water running by. Away in the distance, about sixty miles away, we could see the Magaliesberg Mountains, a part of the Transvaal where apes, baboons, wolves, jackals, and leopards abound. We returned to the Grand Hotel in time for dinner, and at seven o'clock proceeded to the Masonic Hall, where the meeting was held. It is a large hall, seating over 400, and by the time the lecture commenced nearly 300 people were present. There is no doubt that the hall would have been filled but there was a nachtmaal (an evening service in connection with confirmation), in progress, which prevented many Dutch attending. Although it was the first Spiritualist meeting ever held in Krugersdorp, the audience was most attentive during both the lecture and clairvoyance, the latter was well recognised. Only three persons left the hall before the benediction was spoken. There were a number of enquiries of the chairman, Mr. G. M. Horne, and myself, as to when we were coming again. I have heard since that so much interest was aroused that several are trying to form themselves into a committee with the idea of arranging another meeting.

On Thursday, Nov. 1st, I had a most interesting experience, namely, a trip down a gold mine. I happened to mention my desire to see one to a gentlemen here, Mr. Waites, and he said he thought he could arrange for me to go down the "Robinson," No. 2 shaft, which is the show mine of the Rand. The party consisted of Mr. Waites, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Horne, and myself. We went by electric car to Fordsburg, a walk of a few minutes brought us to the shaft head, where we found Mr. Waites' friend, Mr. Edwards, waiting for us; he is a "shift boss," and is responsible for the working, 12 hours out of 24, so we were in thoroughly good hands. The shaft is an incline, and the descent was made in a "skip" or truck; it is not very deep and there are seats wide enough for two, but one has to lean far back so as to be below the top of the skip or one's head would most certainly be crushed. We went down to the 12th level, a distance of 1,300 feet on the incline, or 900 feet in a vertical line. We were taken along numerous "drives," and shown the various places where the reef dips and has to be blasted out, forming long "stopes" down which the broken rock is shovelled to the level below, where it is put into little trucks, each one holding three-quarters of a ton, and the trucks are then run by the Kaffir boys to the shaft, where the four-ton skips take it to the surface. The shaft is lit by electric light, but everywhere else candles are carried. It was most weird looking down a long "stope" to see at the bottom a group of Kaffirs working "drills" in the flickering light of two or three candles.

After we had seen all there was of interest on the twelfth level, we walked down the narrow ladder 300 feet to the thirteenth level. Here we were beside several drills, and, much to the amusement of the two Kaffirs working one, Mrs. Horne and I were allowed to turn the handle that guides it. The miner, a Cornishman, explained to us how the holes are drilled ready for blasting, and then packed with dynamite gelatine. He showed us some of it, soft, harmless-looking stuff, that can be handled and burnt, but is a powerful explosive. We reached the surface again just before ten, having been below about two hours. It was too late to see the process of extracting the gold, but we had a peep at the Kaffirs sorting the crushed rock, throwing out the waste, and sending on the good to the battery, to begin the long and complicated process.

The "Robinson" is not quite the largest mine on the Rand, but it certainly is one of, if not the richest. The yield is a steady one, an ounce of gold to every ton of rock lifted; its expenses are high; it employs 3,000 Cape boys and Kaffirs, all of whom have food, sleeping room, and medical attendance free, and are paid according to the work they do. The white miners earn high wages, according to their skill, and yet, considering the number employed, with the engines and in the office, from the manager down, the profit is the largest on the Rand. Truly, here on the Rand science has reduced the getting of gold to a fine art. But, for the miners, who, attracted by the high wages, stay down some years, there is too often a terrible penalty to be paid. The fine dust from the drills settles into their lungs. They become filled with it, and harden with it. Breathing becomes more and more difficult, until at last what is known as miner's phthisis carries another victim into the other world.

My time is well occupied, but I have had many opportunities of seeing something of Johannesburg, admiring its fine buildings and wondering at the remarkable results achieved in the 20 years that have passed since the first miners camped here. I have had several long drives through the suburbs, across Bezuidenhout Valley to Yeoville and Parktown, a delightful drive through the fashionable district where handsome houses stand in beautiful gardens, and out to Rosherville, where there is a lake charmingly situated. It is a favourite spot for boating, but the afternoon I was there the wind was so high it was hardly safe to venture on it. I have, on two occasions, been privileged to look through what was, until a little while back, when Government observatories were established, the largest telescope in South Africa. It is owned by an old gentleman, Mr. Fletcher, a Spiritualist, and afforded me an interesting peep into the marvels of astronomy.

Last month I met Mr. Indge, the enthusiastic President of the Kimberley Society, who gave an encouraging account of the progress of our movement in that city, also Mr. W. Utton, of Durban, one of the founders, and formerly President, of the Durban Society, each of whom occupied the chair at a Sunday meeting, and gave me most kindly greetings from their respective Societies.

I am happy to say the Johannesburg climate seems to suit me well, my health being good. I grow a little homesick sometimes, but that soon passes, for we who work in the great field of Spiritualism soon learn to realise that the world is our country, and find warm hearts and kindly friends wherever we may go, guided by our Spirit friends, guarded by their wise and loving care.

Johannesburg, Nov. 3rd, 1906.

### The Spirit's Response.

NOT lost, but gone before,  
Not dead, nor sleepeth;  
But active on a brighter shore,  
Where spirit ever reapeth  
The due rewards of earth.  
There 'neath the joys of a new birth  
The soul unfolds for brighter shores,  
For upward, ever upward, soars  
The soul's true aspirations. Bright  
Thoughts unfold beneath the light  
Of God's eternal, all-perfecting love,  
Shining around, within, below, above.

In realms eternal, bright and fair,  
The spirit breathes an active prayer;  
Pure inspiration from its full heart  
To earth's sad sons it doth impart.  
Flowers of love around them twine,  
Celestial flowers on earth to shine;  
Earth yet shall blossom as the rose  
By rays that out of heaven flows.

—JAMES B. TETLOW.

### Sentence Sermons.

THE holy life needs no heralding.  
YOUR fads cannot be another's faith.  
CHARACTER seldom climbs higher than kindness.  
NO man rises without being knocked down a few times.  
THE debating of doctrine means the delaying of duty.  
HE who can do no more than dream is already undone.  
THE worship of gold does not make the golden worshipper.  
IT is always easier to bring down the house than to lift it up.  
IF you are not happy on a little you would be less happy on more.  
NO man ever knows just how faithful he is until he gets under fire.  
YOU do not set yourself solid for heaven by getting askew with earth.  
EVERY man is debtor to men to at least the extent of his advantages.  
MANY a good deed has died in intention for lack of a little appreciation.  
THE faith that is forced down the throat does not drop into the heart.  
THE man who puts bread and butter first will never get much beyond it.  
IT is wonderful how little it takes to satiate the self-respect of some people.  
IT is easy to spoil a lot of religious logic with a little off-colour religious living.  
IT is always well to believe a few things deeply, provided they are deep things.  
THE highest delights are often found by turning the back on pleasure and facing cold duty.  
HE whose backbone is made of butter always thinks he was born to brace up the world.

### Strange, Yet True.

"OWD JONATHAN."

THE days of rejoicing, like the seasons, come round. Obstacles which appear almost insurmountable vanish like the mist before the morning sun. There may be some among your readers whose pessimistic souls scarcely would ever rejoice; whilst the clear-headed thinker looks around under the impression that happiness is imbued with optimism. The falling away of much that has been inculcated and imbibed amidst the teaching in the churches points like an index to the broader aspirations of mind.

To live amid the changing of the religious thought in the world without perceiving its indicating phase is akin to the man looking through green spectacles fearing the luminancy of Nature's wonderful energy. As a people, Christmas-time and New Year carry to us many old associations; as a body of thinkers, they may be viewed as indicators upon the high road to progression.

It is a difficult experiment, when amongst our own section of idealists we see so much to humble us, yet so much whereat to rejoice. There may be much to commend in ordinary school education, even though they have not as yet undertaken to teach the fact of spirit return. The mode and method whereby our Christmas-time and New Year are being commemorated are apparently undergoing a great change. Customs are altering with the times. The influence of a spiritual philosophy is in evidence with the churches, and a sense of enquiry begins wondering that changes have been so slow in their inception. Ordinary school education has aided to help the thinker, and solidified the power of thought, proving that the influence of creeds is behind the times. Their days have been—they are going.

As Spiritualists, we should stand in the van of progress and improvement. The *past* we have experienced; the *present* we are experiencing; the *future* we look forward to without dread, whilst linking the past and the present into the endless chain.

Nature in the past has been a beneficent character, oft-times we have felt hardly dealt with; we have had the lesson; we could not turn round and blame nature for somebody else's sin. Nature to-day keeps up its good character. Sunshine and shadow are dealt indiscriminately; man alone is the big sinner. No college education is a necessity in order to be good or to do it. The pathway to progress may be slow; are we keeping up with its requirements? Taking the average number of Spiritualist mediums of to-day, and upon enquiring what they are doing in order to become ornaments to our movement, what do we learn? Are they any more educated for their past experiences? It does not, and it will not, do to hide too much behind our controls. Can we not try and control our own natures while seeking to give better conditions? Christmas is a great time for rejoicing, and New Year for forming good resolutions.

Can we not begin now, without further waiting, if our principles and ideals are worth advocating and proclaiming? We are living in the now; the further penetration into the future is as difficult a problem, with their present conditions, as their present condition is to us. They may rejoice when behind the prejudices of old opinions they happen to lift the veil and prove their presence, and we may rejoice when we find that our friends of the long ago are once again appearing, bringing with them their benedictions and proving their power of thought, rejoicing with those who rejoice in that certainty of the life that now is and the life which is to come. The evidences of the ever-present cometh to the searcher after facts; the philosophy of truths finds the ever-present a principle in operation in relationship with nature's laws. We look round with a feeling of pleasure, and, in looking, see that the evolvment of principles tend to mingle more fully with the spiritual harmonies.

Spiritualism, like the evergreens at Christmas time, tend to brighten up the aspirations of our longing souls, fostering those sentiments of good-will, teaching us lessons of sympathy and charity, whilst clinging to and maintaining the basic principle of spirit power and control, which is subservient to life, the potency of which is a force mysterious, strange, and true.

HE does not help much who always gets in the wagon before he puts his shoulder to the wheel.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1906.

**An Unconventional Christmas Sermon.**

BELoved BRETHREN: Once again the Christmas season is upon us. In nearly all Northern countries this season is a time of rejoicing, feasting, and good-will. The sunshine of sociability drives forth the gloom of theology, and many a pessimist perforce plays the role of a genial optimist on this one day of the year.

The Teuton and the Northmen make much of the Christ Child, thus keeping alive the human side of the Christian creed, and annually reviving man's love for the childhood of the world, thus unconsciously helping the world to keep the children in mind, and to see them as the bright flowers in the fair gardens of domestic life. Truly, a not unwise way to commemorate the life of the man who said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," that is, if the ancient record speaks truly? The Latin races celebrate the Christ Mass with pomp and ceremony, which, while ecclesiastically sufficient, to millions seems, nevertheless, to lack the social ring which fills the air with joyousness in the colder climes; while we sober Britons, the whole world over, apart from church and chapel, make it a day of feasting, family reunion, and much sentiment. Everywhere some sort of celebration marks the recurring season. Cathedral, church, chapel, and mission room are decorated, worshippers flock together, and the well-to-do give thanks for the blessings they enjoy. Outwardly it is well.

In gaols, reformatories, workhouses, asylums, something is done to commemorate the season, and for such kindly touch of humanity one may well be glad. Even the poor strive to soften the ruggedness of their lot, and snatch a passing respite from the grim realities of their daily life. Let us be glad! Prince and pauper, criminal and lunatic, are enfolded in a Dickensian atmosphere of jollity, peace, and good-will, and the touch of frost, and the dash of snow outside, only tend to add piquancy to the day.

Alas! this is not all.

There remain the man of the slums, and the victim of the sweater, and, lower still, the man who has sank below the slum, the ragged, unkempt, depressing creature who has become the pariah of the streets. He is with us, and is a shambling, shuffling commentary upon the happiness of Yuletide, a perambulating interrogation point which perpetually asks us "Why?" Whatever has made him what he is, nevertheless he is the skeleton at the feast. Houseless, homeless, soiled in body and mind, an unutilised by-product of our social order, he casts a shadow across the face of the Christ child, chills the warm air around the social board, and causes some to ask whether the holly and the mistletoe, and the peace on earth and good will to man sentiments are really understood?

Let us put such gruesome thoughts aside! Why think of these horrors while the fire crackles in the grate, and the viands smoke upon the table. Surely this is the best of all possible worlds—for those who have the best it affords!

Slowly the world's thought is moving towards the establishment of higher conditions for all men. Not merely that all men may have better clothes, finer homes, daintier food, and more leisure, all necessary elements of this world's happiness, but that men may be better in themselves. Mental happiness, moral development, and spiritual unfolding are necessary also. If we are to have a heavenly life on earth for all, there must be no child uncared for or unloved.

No woman degraded, no man brutish. To realise this it may be that improvement must commence at the top, else we may encounter revolution lower down in the so-called social scale. Grasping greed unrestricted selfishness is discreditable in any man, whatever his lot or place may be. We must look beyond the idea that business is war, and often war to the death. We must dismiss the thought that physical comfort is all to be considered. The world needs the child who is a child, the man who is manly, the woman who is womanly. We say blessed are they who labour to such ends, and though we may not follow them in all things, yet we rejoice that work towards such results is being done by all agencies operating in our midst to-day.

BELoved BRETHREN: We are Spiritualists, but are human also. We have learned that in the Blessed Summerland there is rest for the weary, justice for the wronged, freedom from bondage, and unbounded possibilities of growth and happiness for all. But the angels also teach us that no man there obtains anything which he does not earn for himself. And, conversely, no man can appropriate to his own selfish use what another has earned. But, also, we are taught that in mutual serving and loving sharing we find the true happiness. They teach us that all men are children of the one parent; that the criminal is a patient to be cured, the pauper to be rehabilitated; "the Man of the Abyss" is to be prevented going over the edge, not simply by legislation, but by the constitution of the social order, so that the needed training to make men into men shall be made truly possible and actually effective. We are not to be exploiters of the heavens for the sordid ends of riches, power, and things of earth lower still. Our duty is in this world, no matter how close the other life is to us. We must broaden our phylacteries; we must bring spiritual truths to help material needs. We must realise that our work is not all for establishing the facts of communion with the so-called dead, but, also, that we have a work to do for the living. We can stand aloof from no cause looking to the betterment of life. Our philosophy can illumine the problems of religion, the questions of morals, social improvement, politics, and man's duty to his fellows.

Let us see to it that every child is as the ideal Christ child, every mother as the ideal Madonna, every man the embodiment of all ideals of manliness.

BRETHREN: Our Spiritualism is a world-gospel; let us make it a practical gospel by using its facts, teachings, and principles in all we say and do while in this life. If so, ultimately it will not be necessary to emphasise on each recurring Christmas Day the sentiments of good-will to man and peace on earth, for they will be universally acted upon. Then it will be Christmas Day all round the year. Amen.

**Notes and Comments.**

OUR second Double Number.

THE contents are varied, and it is hoped they will be found interesting.

THE contributors are each able in their own directions. Prose for some, poetry for others, fiction for those who like lighter things, and heavy meat for strong digestions. A little for each, and not too much for any, has been our guiding motto.

IT is not intended to tax the friends of THE TWO WORLDS with a double number at New Year. Instead we have a pleasant surprise in store with the first issue for 1907. We propose to lead, and not to follow, so be on the watch for the first issue of our twentieth volume.

THE Christ Question again claims attention. We must needs soon close the discussion, for other matters of interest are awaiting attention. But, meanwhile, a fair field and no favour is being accorded to all. The effect on the circulation has been excellent, for a steady increase has accompanied the continuance of the correspondence. But will the writers bear in mind that our pages are not elastic.

PRESSURE upon our space has entirely prevented the publication of the report of a public debate recently held at Seacombe, Cheshire, between Mr. Walter Howell and Mr. Sinclair Dickinson. Mr. Howell acquitted himself ably and well; his opponent failed to satisfy even his own friends! The local press had not a word to say in his favour, but passed all the honours to our champion.

EVIDENTLY Cheshire is waking up, for a new Society has been formed at Wallasey. The President of the Liverpool Society, and other friends of that body, ably assisted at the inaugural meeting. We wish the new effort every success. There is ample room on that side of the Mersey for good work. Chester is doing splendidly, as is Birkenhead. Let the good work go on.

FINAL INTIMATION.—Will secretaries please furnish us with the correct names and addresses of themselves and their Societies at once! This request will not appear again, so if the lists contain errors when they are published the fault will not lie at this office. Reports must reach us by first post on Tuesday mornings, as otherwise they cannot be used. Half-a-dozen or more did not arrive until mid-day last week; consequently, they could not be used.

# THE SPIRITUALISTS' LADY ELOQUENT

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

A CHRISTMAS TRIBUTE TO A TIRELESS TEACHER.

LATELY we commenced the publication of some sketches of the careers of Our Present Day Workers, to the end that they might become better known to the Cause at large. During the coming year those sketches will be continued on more frequent occasions, for there are many recruits to our ranks of service who are fully entitled to wider repute than the often, and unavoidably, meagre reports of their labours which our columns can afford. But we do not need to allow the memory of our pioneers to fade from our recollections, therefore we have in view the publication of a souvenir of by-gone worthies, which will acquaint our later adherents with the features, and the work, of the stalwarts of our earlier days.

With the foregoing end in view, it may not be out of place to introduce one who, it may be said without discredit to any, was "the noblest Roman of them all,"

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN, who, beloved by all who enjoyed her personal friendship, was equally admired for her worth as a woman and her abilities as a writer, speaker, and musician of rare parts. She possessed the mind of a philosopher, the poetry of the true orator, and, as an advocate, was practically peerless in presenting the claims of Spiritualism upon the world.

Truly she was a world evangelist. Her voice sounded far and wide across the broad domains of the American continent, from the frigid north to the sunny south, from the teeming east to the golden west; or, in the well-known phrase, "from Maine to Texas, from New York to California." In the small hamlet on the prairie and the miner's lonely camp, it mattered not where, while under the Stars and Stripes, she carried her message, and uttered it in glowing phrases.

Across the broad Pacific, and down under the scintillating points of the Southern Cross, in Australia, in tiny Tasmania and lovely New Zealand, she turned her steps at the command of the spirits, in the end returning to her native land, where, after a fruitful season of labour she at last laid aside the well-used form, and sped to the life beyond, just seven years and some two months ago. Such workers come but once in a generation. None more fit to the circumstances of our early needs could have appeared.

One project dear to her heart was to establish a school of the prophets, wherein sensitives might be carefully trained and safeguarded during their training for public work; where too, a national reference library might be established, and arrangements be made for circle work,



EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

lectures, and the propagation of the Cause have its headquarters. She did not remain to see her desires accomplished, but her wishes were as seeds sown for future growth. Those who knew and loved her took up her thought, and as a consequence the Britten Memorial project was launched, and the devoted hon. secretary thereof, Mr. A. W. Orr, and his able coadjutor, the hon. treasurer, Mr. Councillor John Venables, have since zealously laboured towards the fulfilment of her wishes. We have every hope of their success, for much interest has lately been revived in the matter owing to some recent correspondence in these pages. Such an institution is an imperative need, no matter where it may be ultimately established. Very soon we expect to announce something definite in this connection, and presently the creation of this Memorial as a fitting and dignified national establishment may be brought within the regions of practical politics. In thus commemorating her life and work we shall also do honour to our Cause.

As a writer of books, our valiant apostle of the past did us many a good service. Not the least valuable was her publication of that little book which has just been re-issued, "The Faiths, Facts, and Frauds of Religious History," which, though small in compass, is nevertheless one of the weightiest publications upon the questions dealt with that our literature possesses. In re-issuing this work the Directors of THE TWO WORLDS Publishing Company have truly erected a memorial to the name of its able authoress. It should be read by everybody, for it is easily within the reach of all; while every lover of truth and free discussion will hail its appearance as one of the most acceptable of Christmas gifts to confer upon a friend. So, in the old familiar words, she "being dead yet speaketh," and as of old, in clarion tones.

We reproduce the well-known lineaments of our dear sister. Hundreds will gaze lovingly upon them, and as they do so will recall the times when their souls thrilled responsive to her eloquence, and their hearts were warmed by her magnetic fire. She was type and example of the broad gospel of progressive Spiritualism. Would we had others of her ilk with us now.

All hail! dear sister and fellow-worker. We on earth send you in the Summerland glad greetings this good Christmastide. We feel her answering greetings from the shores of the Evermore in her own sweet words—

"THE TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD."

## Honour to Yorkshire Workers.

MR. J. KAY, of Keighley, writes that "two respected workers and pioneers in the Spiritualist movement are to receive a little recognition of their services at Keighley on the 22nd inst. The two referred to are Mr. Joseph Whitaker and Mrs. Sunderland, both of Keighley. Mr. Whitaker has been President of the Keighley Society for some twenty odd years, and during that period his home has found hospitality for almost every speaker of note in connection with our movement; and not only speakers, but workers from all parts of the country. He fought many a stiff battle in defence of the movement, and invariably has come out on top. For some time he was President of the Yorkshire Union, and also a member of the National Executive. Mrs. Sunderland is known perhaps better in Yorkshire than further afield, she has been a staunch worker for some thirty years. A medium of good ability, her services have been greatly in demand, and her assistance

has in all cases been given willingly and, we believe, gratuitously. At home Keighley friends have reason to know the value of her help and counsel, and we trust many years of their fellowship on earth will still be granted us. The event takes place on the 22nd December, and we hope to have the platform filled both Saturday and Sunday with a band of old stalwarts, and, all being well, the room will be hung with oil paintings of the early pioneers. The committee are making every effort to ensure a grand re-union, and we trust you will draw your readers' attention to this matter, as it is surely deserving a few lines in 'our paper.'

WE hear good reports about the week's mission of the South Wales Spiritualists' Alliance. Walter Howell was the missionary, and none better could have been engaged. Merthyr has also had a mission with the same speaker, who speaks with all his old-time fervour for Spiritualism.

## WITHIN THE CHARMED CIRCLE.

### A Romance of the Great Unknown.

W. H. EVANS.

[SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR "THE TWO WORLDS."]

"The promise of the future lies hid in the present.  
Only prophetic eyes have gazed the eon."

#### CHAPTER I.—FLOATING TREASURE.

THE sun shone warm and bright, as one afternoon in August I lazily rowed up the river Plym. The water was as calm as a mirror, and in its depths were reflected the white fleecy cloudlets overhead, which sailed across the sky like aerial yachts in a sea of blue. Brightly glittered the surface of the river as the wind swept softly across its bosom. The deep cool shadow of Saltram woods fell upon the river brink, their deep recesses seeming to beckon one away to enjoy their lovely solitude.

The wind, whispering among the trees, conveyed a message of strolling lovers, and, listening to them, took up the old, old tale and repeated it to the fluttering leaves, which trembled as souls swayed by sweet emotions. One could well imagine men and maidens strolling together in the cool deep green shade, while starry eyes gazed upward with dreamy langour through a network of boughs and twigs, or were cast modestly downward as willing ears took in the simple story which never ceases to interest, causing cheeks to blush as the rose, and hearts to beat with a wild joy. For such the very shadows are bright with the golden hue of life. It is the roseate dawn, full of poetic suggestiveness, which heralds in the dull and prosaic day.

Over the town hung a then blue haze, which would, as night advanced, gleam with myriad colours; spears of gold, crusted with diamond drops of colour, or glittering ruby and amethyst, while bars of silver stretched across the horizon, against which would be silhouetted the spires of churches pointing silently heavenward. The sun's good-night would be a poem, the silent music which finds a responsive echo in human hearts.

Swish! swish! the water lapped against the sides of the boat as I slowly rowed in under the shadow of the woods. Overhead a chaffinch's spink! spink! fell on my ear, while swaying to and fro on the end of a bough a robin regarded me with pert curiosity. I gazed dreamily across to Fort Efford, and away to the hills further up the stream. It was a day for dreaming, for sitting idle and watching Nature work, weaving myriad forms out of one primordial substance. "How lavish she is," I mused, "no stint in all her vast laboratories, and no waste. The true equilibrium exemplifying the perfect mind. Thoughts pulsating in life, or thrown across the sky in gleams of silver and gold, or whispering at night, from far-off stars, the great anthem of creation." I rested.

With such dreamy thoughts flitting through my mind, I became aware of a dark object which rose and fell on the surface of the river, and a vague curiosity stole upon me. I gazed at it, listlessly at first, then, impelled by the sense of curiosity which prompted me to know what it was, I rowed towards it. As I drew near, the black spot resolved itself into a piece of wood, which, as I drifted nearer, revealed a box floating in the water. I lifted it into the boat and looked at it. By what mysterious currents did it reach here? Whence had it come? A glance was sufficient to see that it was made for some definite purpose. The edges were dove-tailed, and around it were two narrow bands of metal. Small shells and weeds adhered to the sides. It had evidently been in the water a long time. The wood was dark, almost black. As I gazed at it I wondered what it might contain, and where it had come from.

I rowed back to the boat-house on the embankment, indulging in many speculations, and weaving romances around it in an endeavour to account for its appearance in the river. But all my imaginings were as nought to what it was to reveal to me. Reaching the boat-house, I lifted up the box and stepped out.

"Hello! what have you got there? Something you found on the river?" asked the boat-keeper.

"Yes, it is something that I found on the river, but what it is I don't know."

He took it from me with an expression of curiosity on his honest countenance. He turned it about, shook it, tried its weight, and peered at the corners as though such move-

ments would reveal its story. He handed it back at last with the expressed opinion "that it was some sailor's ditty box, which had slipped out of some vessel." As I did not know what it was myself, I did not contradict him, but took it home for further investigation.

When I had refreshed myself with some tea, I went to my study, and set about trying to open it. This proved more difficult than I at first anticipated, and my interest grew with my trouble. At length my efforts were rewarded, and the mysterious box was open before me.

First I found some linen, very fine in texture, and very white. Removing this, I next found some rolls of thin paper. On removing these I found underneath an envelope, on which I read: "Instructions to the finder of this box." Taking this out, I next found a small, golden image of rare workmanship. There was also a couple of gold rings, one representing a serpent with two fine ruby eyes, the other having a clear white stone, like a diamond. Both were splendidly finished. I turned them over and over, wondering to whom they could have belonged. While examining the stone of the latter ring, I was startled to see its surface become cloudy, and then scenes came and went with such rapidity that, interested in this, I forgot the rest of the contents of the box. Putting it down at last, I turned my attention to the envelope, and opening it found the following strange message:—

#### "FROM THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

"Away from the nations of the world I rest, yet know what goes on therein, and still maintain an interest in the welfare of my fellows, though so far removed am I from them that I cannot take part in any of their affairs.

"Whomsoever may happen to find this box, I desire that they should communicate with my kindred, should any be alive, who will perhaps follow out my wishes. (Here followed a list of names and addresses.)

"Should none of my kindred be traceable, I desire that the one into whose hands this may fall shall, if possible, carry out my wishes.

"The manuscripts herein contained are a revelation of a world unknown to man; that is, men of the world of which I was once an inhabitant; and to my knowledge none has yet penetrated beyond the confines of the great barrier which divides the known from the unknown. Yet, in process of time someone may penetrate those regions and learn something of the peace which exists in that land; but until that time, this record alone can tell what is, to those who hope for what will be. That this country will be discovered some day I have no doubt, for in the natural progress of the race physical barriers will be more and more overcome, until no part of the globe will be unknown to man; but this will not be in my time.

"Question not, oh! discoverer of this treasure, but carry out my behests. Read the strange tale of adventure herein writ, and ponder well the simple philosophy of this people, and the justness of their thoughts and desires.

"But I pause, for I do not know whether this will fall into the hands of one of understanding, or into the hands of one who is ignorant and unable to appreciate the history herein unfolded. Of that I cannot tell, for when it leaves my hands to float in the great current which encircles our land to the opening in the west, which will take it into the seas that are known, I know not to what country it will be taken, whether cultured or savage. I can only hope that it will be guided by those unseen beings who watch the lives of men and the destinies of nations, to hands that can understand the significance of the message.

"The length of days are now shortening for me, and the shadow of time is slowly but surely lengthening out, until it shall have absorbed my soul in the ever eternal NOW. And though I am far away from the land of my birth, I shall, by virtue of the powers which are known and exercised in this land, know what has become of this box. His many wanderings I shall watch with that clairvoyant vision that I once scorned, but which experience has taught me is a fact. But guide it I cannot; I must trust that to others.

"And now, oh! stranger of my land that used to be (should it reach the country of my birth), I bid you a last and long farewell. Across the great spaces of the world I stretch my hands in spirit, and grip yours. I commend this to your care, believing that the MSS. contains a revelation whose interest will warrant you in putting it before the world. Let that be the final bar of judgment. Its truth-

fulness I vouch for, though it may seem, and probably will be, nothing more than a romance to most.

"May the long, lone journey of this message terminate peacefully."

CYRIL WINSTANLEY."

I put the letter down, wondering who ever this strange being could be. Truly, it was a curious find, and as I took up the roll of MSS., which was tied with silk cord and sealed, I saw on its surface: "To be given to the world."

I put it down thoughtfully, and, as I raised my head, saw before me, in a costume of greyish material, an old man, with thick, white hair clustering around his brows in a mass of curls; with large, dark, melancholy eyes, beaming with a kindly sympathy. The face was almost covered with a thick beard and whiskers of snowy whiteness, while he was erect of form and tall. His being there occasioned no feeling of surprise, and he stepped forward and said in low, musical tones: "Stranger, I have watched. Do my bidding!"

Then he vanished as mysteriously as he had come.

It was then I felt surprise, and a vague alarm took possession of me. I looked at the box with feelings of suspicion and awe. What was it could conjure up such a vision? But I shook it off, attributing the apparition to some hallucination.

I put the box away, and for some time other duties intervened which prevented me from carrying out the request. So busy was my life that I had little time for trying to unravel the mystery. But, entering my study one morning, intent on my usual business, I saw the old man bending over the box. Whoever or whatever it was, whether ghost or mortal, he evidently had a great interest in its contents.

I determined to find out the writer's kindred. I could not help but feel how foolish it all seemed, especially as letter after letter was returned marked "Not known." Advertisements proved equally futile.

At length, as none of the writer's kindred were to be found, I opened the MSS. and read it for myself. As the tale is interesting, though not original in its concept, I give it to the world, an action which I trust will give rest to my ghostly visitor.

#### CHAPTER II.—AWAY TO THE FAR NORTH.

THE writer of the MSS. had made no provision for the publishing of it, and I had to trust to the enterprise of some publishing firm, or to the kindly efforts of some editor. The MSS. began with personal references to the writer, and, possibly, its publication may be a means of bringing me in touch with some of his kindred. I will now let my unknown and mysterious friend speak for himself, and shall make no further comment upon this history.

#### THE STORY.

I had never been of a very speculative turn of mind, and in my youth I was like the majority of my companions, troubled by nothing beyond the everyday facts of existence. I was supremely indifferent to the questions of the day, living, like many others, in an easy, happy-go-lucky style, which took no thought for the morrow. In this, and in this only, could it be said that I was a Christian.

And here let me state that I can lay no claim to being a writer of first-class distinction; hitherto the world has been unconscious of my existence. I do not anticipate that this history will bring me fame—certainly it will bring me no profit. The reader will not, therefore, expect a cultured, easy and flowing style and grace, which are the distinguishing mark of the ready writer. I can at least promise a few thoughts worthy of consideration, which is often as important as the former. Honeyed sentences do not always reveal the sweetest thoughts. Thus I apologise for burdening the world with a new book. The world may not need it, but it is a relief from the tedium of existence to write, and what has been a pleasure to me, may be a pleasure to others, and I hope, also, profitable.

My lot when a child was not particularly hard, neither was it a bed of roses; but as I knew no other I was not irritated by invidious comparisons, and so looked upon my condition as being in the natural order of things. It was, therefore, common enough, and with many others I grew up with a great deal of freedom, which I remember is termed among some people, "being dragged up." But seeing there were so many of us, and money not too plentiful, so that no help could be hired for the home, and that mother had to do all, there was scarcely any help for it. The finest economists are the poor, though the system which renders

such "cheese paring" necessary in order to live, is cruel and vindictive, pressing heaviest upon the workers.

When I reached the age of fourteen years—I had been earning since I was ten—there crept into my boyish mind some faint glimmering of the struggle which was going on in the home. I saw that it was due to lack of money that the struggle was so hard, and I determined to go away and relieve them of the necessity of feeding and clothing me. It did not occur to me that my small weekly pittance would be missed, as I thought I ate more and wore out more clothes than my wage would buy.

As soon as these thoughts had taken definite shape, I made up my mind, and one morning, instead of going to my work as usual, I turned my steps in the direction of Plymouth, determined to get on board some vessel, and so get a little of the adventure I had read about. It will be seen that there was in the background of my mind some romance which craved satisfaction in actual experience.

I sent a letter from Plymouth as soon as I had got a berth, telling my mother not to worry, and that I should one day come home rich, when she would no longer have to work or puzzle how to lay out a shilling or sixpence to the best advantage. I have no doubt my boyish hopes raised a smile, and maybe caused a feeling of regret, but of this I can only conjecture.

After knocking about many years I got a berth on the "Ariadne." She was barque rigged, and was also fitted with steam, so that we could either sail or steam. She was a taut craft, fitted for heavy seas and hard knocks. We had a crew of thirty, including the officers, and our destination was the North Pole, if we could get there. The owner and doctor and a few scientific friends were with us; in fact, it was the owner's deep interest in geographical science which had caused him to fit out a craft for this purpose.

Our vessel was provisioned for three years, and it was anticipated we should be back by the end of that period. Our object was to get as far north as possible by sea, and then, striking off across the ice on sledges, make a dash for the Pole.

At last the day for sailing came. A goodly crowd came to see us off, and we slowly made our way down the Thames in the late afternoon, gazing at intervals towards the great city receding in the distance to rest on the lap of night. Reaching the open sea, the vessel's prow was turned northward, toward the mighty mystery which has baffled and been the death of so many brave souls.

My companion was a young man the same age as myself, by name Harry Howe, a fine, sober-minded young fellow, much given to books, reading, and thinking. As we made our way under the starry sky, he came up to me with a laughing face, saying, "Just heard old Dick telling some of the hands that it was to be his last voyage, and that he did not expect to see old England again. He is quite a prophet of woe."

"Which isn't very profitable," I replied, laughing with him.

Just then Dick himself came along.

"Now then, Dick," I said cheerily, "who told you you were going to slip your cable this trip?"

He grinned knowingly as he answered, "Nobody. I dreamed it, that's all."

"What did you dream?"

"Dreamed that I was afloat on a piece of ice all alone, and that I fell off and was drowned." He shuddered as he spoke, and it was easy to see that he felt more than his locanic manner seemed to imply.

"Well," I replied, "dreams always go by contrary, so you are safe this trip."

"No, I ain't, nor you either. We ain't getting back to old England again," he replied positively.

"Pooh! you're frightened over nothing. Buck up, man, and put such sickly fancies out of your head."

"All right, call 'em sickly fancies, but you'll find that it will come true," he answered as he moved away.

"Then I hope he is mistaken," said Harry.

"Bah! who's going to take notice of an old man's whim? Not I, nor you, I guess."

"No, I suppose not," he answered quietly, as he followed Dick.

I glanced over the black waters, and up to the serene sky, with its glittering array of stars. It was calm and beautiful, and seemed to give a flat contradiction to such ominous forebodings. With a self-satisfied smile I turned in.

(To be continued.)

## True Ghost Stories.

OLD-FASHIONED ghost stories nearly always used to have a queer setting. They were generally laid in the dark, in strange scenes, in out-of-the-way places where witnesses were impossible. The very conditions made the role of the sceptic easy. But here are stories of ghosts seen under commonplace, every-day surroundings, and told in a plain, matter-of-fact way that carries conviction. Two at least of these ghosts were seen in full light, and all the tales are corroborated by others than the narrators, which makes it impracticable to laugh them out of court.

There is always something hard to shake off about the ghost story; it is so old and so universal. Our ancestors, as far back as one cares to go, had ghosts. They were, so to speak, part of the household furniture, and were handed down with the rest of the heirlooms.

A little while ago science was going to explain or expel the ghosts, but they are still here. They have ever grown more apparent. Instead of vanishing, they have come into clearer light, and soon we may be writing their biographies. It is, in fact, from the data collected by scientists and sceptics that these stories are taken. The narrators tell the tales in their own words:—

### A BRITISH ARMY OFFICER'S STORY.

"About Christmas-time some years ago, being officer on duty, I was seated at the mess-table at Aldershot. There were ten or twelve other officers present, and among them John Atkinson, the surgeon-major of the regiment, who sat on my right, but at the end of the table and farthest from me, and next to one named Russell. I was sitting at the end of the table and directly facing the window.

"At about eight forty-five p.m., Atkinson suddenly glared at the window at his right, thereby attracting the notice of Russell, who, seizing his arm, said: 'Good gracious, doctor! What's the matter with you?'

"This caused me to look in the direction in which I saw Atkinson looking, viz., at the window opposite, and I saw there (for the curtains were looped up, though the room was lighted by a powerful central gas-light in the roof and by candles on the tables) a young woman, in what appeared a soiled or somewhat worn bridal dress, walk or glide slowly past the window from east to west. She was about at the centre of the window when I observed her, and outside the window.

"No person could have actually been in the position where she appeared, as the window in question is about thirty feet above the ground."

The second has an almost epic simplicity and an unstudied pathos:—

"A little boy in a Yorkshire town lay sick unto death. His mother had died some years before. Beside him watched his elder sister and a friend of his mother. The friend distinctly saw the mother come and stoop over the boy caressingly. Next day the boy died."

### THE COLLEGE MAN'S STORY.

Behind this strange record there seems to be a tale of romance and of strife that suggests the day of Scott's novels:

"In the spring term, 1898, I had gone to bed unusually late, about half-past one in the morning, and shortly after getting into bed I heard a noise in my sitting-room, and called out: 'Who's there?' Receiving no answer, I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room. It was a moonlight night, the blind was up, and there was still a fire burning in the grate.

"I saw a figure standing by the window with its back turned to me. It was about middle height and loosely dressed, as I thought, in grey. The face was a long, clean-shaven one, cadaverous, and at the same time pitiful in expression, and I am perfectly confident when I say that I could see right through the figure and distinctly saw the bars on the window through it.

"I was naturally excessively frightened, and for a second could not do nor say anything. Then I turned and bolted into my bedroom and locked the door, and shortly afterwards heard a shuffling noise as of someone leaving my room and passing along the passage. I then lit a candle and went into my sitting-room again, but the figure had disappeared.

"I did not see anything more of it, though several other men in college had similar experiences of it, until Michaelmas term, 1898, then came my second experience. I had been working until eleven, and then went to bed. Sometime in

the night, I cannot say exactly when, I was awakened by a sound in my room. I lit a candle and went into my sitting-room to see who was there. For some moments I could not see anything, and was going back to bed when I caught sight of a figure standing in a corner of my room. It was exactly similar to the one I had seen three terms previously; the face had the same pitiful and mournful expression, and it advanced toward me, holding out its hands as if it wanted something.

"I remembered no more. I was terribly frightened and fainted right away. I was found by my scout the next morning, when he came to call me, lying in front of my fireplace with the extinguished candle on the floor."

The story is corroborated by a fellow-student, who further says, in his narrative, after recounting several appearances of the ghost: "After this the same thing happened two or three times, and I was able to see that the figure appeared to be dressed in knee breeches and stockings of a dark texture, and all it did each time was to gaze sadly at me. I was never able to challenge it on account, I suppose, of fright.

### SOME UNANSWERED QUESTIONS.

What is to be thought of these records? They awaken many echoes in the memory. One recalls *Æneas* attempting to clasp the form of *Creusa* and finding it slip from him—as unsubstantial as the air. And one thinks of the strange biblical vision that the *Woman of Endor* conjured up to face the frightened *King of Judah*. The explanation eludes our minds as the ghost eludes the grasp.

"Why," the reader will ask, "do apparitions so often appear at or near the time and place where death is coming? Do spirits revisit the scenes of their own most memorable experiences in the flesh? Are there malignant as well as benevolent visitants from the other world? Does an unhappy or unhallowed end make a ghost walk?"

He who asks such questions must as yet go unanswered. They have baffled all inquirers. The stories here collected may throw some little light upon the matter; but like all other ghost stories, they throw us back upon *Hamlet's* recollection when he looked upon his father's spirit:—

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt in your philosophy.

—New York Sunday Magazine.

## My Christmas Wish To All.

MAY guardian angels guide your feet  
O'er life's rough, thorny way,  
And give you health and strength to do  
Your duty day by day.

I would not wish you wealth alone,  
For that may pass away—  
But peace, and joy, and happiness  
Be with you every day.

Go help the poor and needy ones  
Who know no Christmas fare;  
Go comfort them, and, if you can,  
A little with them share.

Then, when on earth your work is done  
Angels will clasp your hand,  
And guide you to your home beyond,  
In Heaven's Summer-land.

Ulverston.

J. W. WRIGHT.

"A PROPHET hath no honour in his own country," it hath been said, but please read the following testimony from one who is well-known: "DEAR MRS. BURCHELL,—I feel compelled to write and say that you have completely cured the pain I have suffered from for over twenty-five years. The agony I endured at times made my life a burden, and when you began your treatment I had no hope of a cure, but I began taking your medicines last May and in September I was free from the pain I had endured so long, and it has never returned. As it is over six months ago now I think this is a sure test, and you are at liberty to make any use you like of this testimonial.—I remain, yours very faithfully, KATE TAYLOR ROBINSON, Tweed Green House, Manchester, April 19th. P.S.—I feel I must tell you with regard to your psychometry of eleven months ago, that it has come perfectly true. I have actually received what you told me of six months afterwards, and the next one this last March. I certainly had no hope or expectation of either one or the other of the matters you foretold me." BURCHELL'S RE-EMBELLISHER FOR THE HAIR.—A lady in London writes:—"I am pleased to say that the daily application for four weeks of your Hair Embellisher has stopped the falling out of my hair, and in fact it is growing quite strong again. I am delighted with it. My husband says my hair is beautiful." It restores grey hair, stops falling out. A real hair-food, tonic and re-embellisher. We are receiving hundreds of testimonials to the above. Will you give it a trial? In bottles, 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. post free. J. and J. BURCHELL, Medical Botanists, 65, Gillington-road, Bradford. The Editor holds proof of the above testimony.—[ADVT.]

## By Way of the Angels.

"My God hath sent His Angel."—Bible.

E. P. PRENTICE.

WINTER, cold, bitter, relentless winter, with a keen north-east wind searching every nook and corner. Soon the deserted streets will be "dumb with snow," for already huge flakes are descending on the few pedestrians who from necessity and not choice are braving the conflicting elements.

Huddled under a railway arch which spans a wide river is a small boy, with unkempt locks, tattered garments, and shoeless feet. He lies in a dreamy sleep, apparently oblivious of the intense cold, and evidently exhausted with weeping, for the long lashes droop pathetically on the smeared cheek, across which the coat sleeve has been roughly drawn to stem the torrent of fast falling tears. Poor little orphan, homeless, destitute, and ragged, yet in the safe keeping of the Great Eternal, "whose heart is infinitely kind."

Presently he stirs in his sleep, and moaning, returns to consciousness, the blue eyes slowly unclosing. "Mother," he whispers, "dear mother, why don't you come to your Benny? You promised you would. It is cold, bitterly cold, and you said you were going to a beautiful land, where the skies are fair and the birds sing and the water leaps in the light, while the little children play in the flowery meadows, and when I cried to go with you, you said I must wait a little while, and that you would ask the kind Father to bless me, and bring me at last to the beautiful home of love. I went to see the grassy mound under which the cruel men put you when you died, but you told me that only your worn-out body would lie there, and that your soul would be beyond the stars and the pearly gates. Oh! mother, are you so happy with the beautiful angels that you have quite forgotten your boy? To-morrow I must wander again through the great city, asking food and shelter of strangers, for I have no home, no fire, no friend, and when I cry the great God and His angels will not hearken. Last night when I was praying as you taught me, I thought you stood by me. Your robe was white and glistening, and there was a glorious love-light in your eyes, and as I put out my hand to grasp you, you faded away, and I have watched in vain for you to-day. Mother, why did you leave your Benny in the cold, cruel world?"

A stately mansion, with lights gleaming from every window, while music, laughter, and song stir the warm air, already fragrant with the perfume of rare exotics. A richly-clad girlish figure reclines in a fauteuil in the rich glow of the fire-light listening to the faint refrain of a distant melody. A sweet soprano voice sings tenderly

"Angels, ever bright and fair,  
Take, oh, take me to your care."

The girl listens intently, then, going to the window, she lifts the heavy plush curtain that shuts out the darkness and dreariness of the night. The sky is threatening, the snow falling steadily, but the wind has gone to rest with a weary moan. A look of deep compassion crosses her face as she exclaims "What a night! God help the homeless and destitute, the sad and weary. I think I will attend the service at the mission hall."

She rings and orders her carriage. Ere long the pampered, prancing steeds are bearing the richly fur-clad figure through the deserted streets.

Hark! a cry rings out on the stillness. A blood-curdling note of utter despair. She requests the footman to descend and ascertain the cause. "Stay," she says, reflecting a moment, "I will go myself," and she leaves her carriage in the shadow of an archway, where a forlorn little figure crouches in the clutches of a cruel fever. His throat is parched, his pretty curly head burning with intense heat, and his sweet blue eyes wild with delirium. She lifts the fragile form into her well-appointed carriage, and pillowing the aching head on her breast, she prints one long kiss on the white brow. Then turning to the coachman, she says "Home."

The child's dazed eyes, brilliant with a sudden gleam of consciousness, gaze intently into the lovely ones bending over him. "Home," he echoes softly, "yes, home. Dear, dear mother, your little Benny is going home."

"Yes, earth has angels, though their forms are moulded  
But of such clay as fashions all below,  
Though harps are wanted and bright pinions folded,  
We know them by the love-light on their brow."

## Magic of the Hindu Fakirs.

JAMES WELTON GRAY.

CAPTAIN JOHN GLADWIN JEBB, of the English army, died a few years ago. He was a man of great erudition and of wide experience as a traveller in all parts of the world. A residence of several years in India confirmed an original aptitude for mystical studies, and led to some strange investigations and adventures. As he was a man of the highest character, of keen powers of observation, and of unimpeachable veracity, his statements are entitled to more than usual attention.

In speaking of the exploits of the fakirs, one of the features of East Indian life, he said that he had once been sitting at mess with a dozen fellow-officers, when a fakir appeared at the door and begged for contributions. The mess-room was about twenty-five feet long by fifteen in width, and was lighted by a series of gas-jets along the cornice, in order to avoid the draft created by the punka—a sort of fan fastened to a wide wooden frame,—which is kept in constant motion by the punka-wallah, at about a man's height from the floor. There were twenty of the gas-jets, and as the walls of the room were whitewashed they gave abundant light.

"We told the fakir," said Captain Jebb, "that if he would give us a good exhibition of his magic we would contribute to his fund. He showed us two or three tricks, but we were all old hands and had seen them before, and we declined to be taxed for them. He grinned and said:—

'I WILL SHOW THE SAHIBS SOMETHING NEW.'

He lifted his left arm and pointed his finger to a gas-jet in the corner of the cornice; after a moment it went out. He pointed at the next one, and it was extinguished also; and at the next, and the next. In this way he had soon made a circuit of the room, and there now remained only one gas-jet alight. By that time, as you may well suppose, we had become a good deal interested. The man stopped to rub his left arm lightly with his right hand for a few moments, then he pointed at the final gas-jet, and out it went, leaving us in total darkness.

"'Do the sahibs wish the lights restored?' asked the voice of the fakir out of the darkness. We intimated that we did, and immediately the light which had been last extinguished appeared again, and by its illumination we saw the fellow in the same attitude as before, except that this time it was his right finger, instead of with his left, that he was pointing. To make a short story of it, he relighted every burner in reverse order until the whole twenty were going again. 'Now are the sahibs satisfied?' he asked.

"As a matter of fact, it was

## ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE FEATS

I ever saw, as far as our ability to account for it scientifically was concerned. But we pretended not to think much of it, and demanded something more. He seemed a little annoyed; but after standing with his hands folded in front of him, and his head bent on his breast for a minute, he looked up, and his eyes met those of every man in the room one after the other. He then said in a slow voice, 'No Sahib may leave his chair!' and turned round and walked out of the door.

"We laughed, and supposed that he had given us up as too sceptical for his purposes. We resumed our conversation, and in ten minutes had forgotten all about him. Then one of us—Gen. Gatacre, though he wasn't a general then—said that he must be getting back to his quarters, and started to rise from his chair; but after seeming to struggle for a moment, he settled back and his face turned red. 'What the deuce is the matter?' he exclaimed. 'I can't get up!'

"Some of us laughed, but I remembered the last words of the fakir, and made an effort to stand. I could not stir from my seat. Lieutenant Cholmondeley, my neighbour on the left, saw my predicament and tried to get up himself. He was a big, powerful chap, and he pressed his hands down on the edge of the table till it cracked in his struggle to rise; but it was no use. He was pinned to his place, just as Gatacre and I were.

"At that every man caught the idea, and for several minutes there was as queer a scene as ever I saw—five-and-twenty strong young fellows striving their best to get up out of their chairs, and every one of them

## AS HELPLESS AS A PARALYTIC.

The veins started out of their foreheads, and the sweat ran down their faces, and there was plenty of animated language;

but all in vain; not one of them could disobey the fakir's command, do what he would. The sensation, as I felt it, was an odd one—something like one's failure to remember a name or word that is on the tip of the tongue, only this was a physical instead of a mental disability. I could not bring power to bear at the right point. By-and-bye, we all gave it up, and sat there staring at one another, looking foolish enough. The fakir had gone: would he ever come back? We were divided between a longing to wring his neck and a willingness to give him all our next month's pay if he would set us free.

"We had sat there a good half-hour before the old rascal's head appeared round the door-post, and he asked in his whining voice: 'Do the sahibs desire any other experiment?'"

"No, we had had enough, and he went away with more plunder in his wallet than he had ever collected before. All he did was to say, 'The sahibs may now rise!' and we were all on our feet in an instant; but it was worth the money. Of course," says the writer of the above account, which recently appeared in *The Dublin Herald*, "the thing can be explained on the theory of hypnotism, which the putting out of the lights cannot; but whatever it was, it was impressive, and gave us more respect for fakirs than we had had up to that time."

## Christian Chronology.

### Dr. Peebles' Reply to "Gnostic."

STRANGE that this "Gnostic" in *THE TWO WORLDS* of Nov. 30th hides from the public under a fictitious signature. If it were not for this paragraph I should not have noticed his effusion. Henceforth I will notice no man who has not courage enough to write under his own real name. In all the sixty-five years of my writing for the press I have never concealed my name nor disowned my offspring.

But here is the "Gnostic" paragraph in substance:—"It is astounding that Dr. Peebles should assert that the existence of Jesus was not doubted for a thousand years. Why, the Gnostics, and their many sects, Essenes, Mandaites, Nazarites, one and all denied that Christ had come in the flesh—they knew better." If by the word Christ in the above paragraph is meant the man Jesus, then the statement is unqualifiedly false. This I can verify by a dozen trustworthy authorities.

There were at one time nine sects of Gnostics, and nearly as many sub-sects, disagreeing among themselves upon theological matters, much as do Church sectarists of to-day. There were not only the Essenes etc., but the Basalidians, the Marcionites, the Nasseni, etc., all of which, upon the best authority, with one exception, believed in the personal physical existence of Jesus of Nazareth. This little "one" sect was an offshoot from the Ophites, named from Ophis, a serpent, believing that Jesus had come as a spirit rather than in the flesh. "Gnostic" is welcome to this serpent-inspired witness. It is quite in keeping with many of these Tartarian teachings and dogmas.

Erudite Jewish Rabbis and the Gentile philosophers of those times, Porphyry, etc., in their violent attacks upon Christianity, testified unmistakably to the historical existence of the man Jesus. But what need of those critical attacks if such a person as Jesus never lived?

"Gnostic" asserts that "all the principal events of the assumed (Gospel) history . . . can be traced back to Egyptian myth." On the contrary, the illustrious Le Page Renouf, the great Egyptologist, in his Hibbert Lectures, pp. 256-9, says: "The existence of Egyptian elements in Hellenic religion and philosophy have long since been disproved. . . . No proof exists that Indian and Persian fables and myths were re-cast in Egypt and then transferred to Christianity." So here we have the eminent Renouf *versus* "Gnostic," who, in all probability, does not know an Egyptian hieroglyph or a Hebrew letter from a pigeon's foot-track.

"Gnostic" refers to Gerald Massey, and yet this poet Massey remarked in his Music Hall lecture at Boston, U.S.A., on January 18th, 1875: "The question of the real personal existence of the man Jesus is settled for me by the reference to him in the Talmud, where we learn that he was with his teacher, Rabbi Joshua, in Egypt, and that he wrote a manuscript there which he brought into Palestine. This manuscript was well known to the Rabbis, and I doubt not it contained the kernel of his teachings, fragments of which have floated down to us in the Gospels." Mr. Massey may have changed his mind once or a dozen times since 1875, but witnesses that testify both *pro* and *con* at different times are of little account in settling grave matters of historic research.

Of Jesus' originality I have nothing special to say, for upon this point I do not materially differ from the expressed opinion of this writer, whoever he may be—and yet, I do not recall just now any philosopher, prophet, or sage basing religion, basing discipleship solely upon love, pure, unselfish, altruistic love, except the Nazarene inspired medium and martyr. These are his reputed words: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another." Love to God and love to man are the basic foundations of Christianity—not Churchianity, the synonym of orthodox creeds, which creed my independent soul loathes and literally abhors.

In my book, "Je us: myth, man, or God," written 1869, and published by James Burns early in 1870, I contended that Jesus was a man like unto ourselves, qualitatively if not quantitatively—a very Son of God. And I would just as soon defend the personal existence of Socrates or Aristotle—grand sons of God—as that of the Nazarene.

By the way, how many of these recent newspaper Spiritualists know that the existence of Aristotle was for a time denied by some of those super-smart Greeks called "sophites," and among them was one Heraclaus; and, further, the later works of Aristotle "entirely disappeared from the world's view for a long time." They were carried away from Athens during "the persecution" by one Nelous and "hid in a cellar." But when the King of Pergamos began to collect his great library they were found, though "lost and forgotten for one hundred and fifty years." (Alexander Mair, *Apologetics*, p. 95.)

Doubtless, a similar class of these present Jesus Christ-hating and avenging fi-sh-clad spirits of destructive tendencies will rise up a thousand or five hundred years hence, and stoutly deny the personal existence of A. J. Davis. Already I have witnessed the entering wedge, for two Spiritists within two weeks have asked me, "Is Andrew Jackson Davis alive yet?" My reply was, "Twice was I with him last summer, and he was so vigorously alive that while we did not come to a decision upon a lively foot-rest, he described to me his late long bicycle jaunts into the country."

And yet, how natural for some Continental materialist or annihilator of personalities to "pop up" some 500 or more years hence and boisterously exclaim: "There never was an Andrew Jackson Davis, an American seer. He never lived. It was all a myth."

But historic students say, "Here are his books—and here are copied fragments and paragraphs from them."

"Yes, but these books and fragments are forgeries—all forgeries to prove the theory of immortality. And, further, there was no America—no United States of America known to Europe 500 years ago."

That settles it—A. J. Davis "a myth"—his books forgotten—exit Davis.

Such might be, and such are, the wild imaginations and exaggerations of those who struggle and wriggle to destroy distinguished personalities. This enlightened age of research calls not for destruction, not for dogmatism, but for candid investigation, for affirmation, for construction, for the upbuilding and practical dissemination of great principles. Platform speakers who are taking this stand of construction and now-a-day demonstrations of truth are calling crowded audiences. Heaven bless them.

J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

[NOTE.—The writer of the article Dr. Peebles replies to has sent us a further contribution, which is unavoidably held over until next week. In reply to our desire, he has appended his name in full. We make that statement in justification of the writer in question. We much prefer signed articles in all cases.—Ed.]

### W. H. Edwards' Reply to Dr. Peebles.

THE reply from Dr. Peebles to my exposure of the authorities which he quoted to support the theory of the actual existence of Jesus Christ, is conspicuous by mere denials, without proof or backing of any real value. He accuses me of stating things which I did not state, and while adducing no evidence himself of any value, demands proofs of things very well known to the humblest students of historical religions. He lays great stress on having what he is pleased to call respectable authorities, and quotes one "John," in regard to the burning of the Alexandrian library, as a respectable authority, whose statement, on the face of it, proves itself a forgery. He carefully ignores the fully appreciated evidence of the origin of Christ, referring to the Hindoo god, "Christos," passes over without notice the world-wide authority of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which literally teems with reference to forgeries and spurious writings connected with all reference to early Christian writers, and denies the evidence of the spirits, who claim to be the real actors in the transformation of the old religions of sun worship into modern Christianity, while he accepts as evidence the bare, unsupported statements of a few spirit controls whom he happens to have met through their respective mediums.

St. Paul as Apollos, Paulus, Apollonius: Dr. Peebles denies there is a scintilla of proof of this. Well, Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography says there is. The apostle Paul is therein called "Paulus" as well as "Paul"; wherein, at great length, is quoted a reference to "the spurious writings of the 'Acta Paulæ,'" in reference to Paul. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" says nothing is known of the parentage of St. Paul, and that he is only known by his Epistles. Dr. Jowett, of Balliol, Oxford, translated "The Life of Apollonius," by Philostratus, which appears in Smith's Dictionary of Biography, together with the discussion as to how far, if at all, it was designed as a rival to Jesus Christ and the Gospel history. Dr. Lardner, in "The Credibility of the Gospel History," deals at considerable length with the claims of Apollonius as the rival of Jesus. Cudworth, in his "Intellectual System," refers to him as a rival to Jesus Christ created by the powers of evil. Huet, referring to Philostratus' life of Apollonius, says: "Therefore he formed Apollonius after the example of Christ." Finally, the I. Corinthians specially refers to Paul and Apollos. This effectually disposes of Dr. Peebles' statement, "There is not a scintilla of proof of St. Paul and Apollonius being one and the same person." Apollonius is a proved historical character, see "Antiquity Unveiled," by John Roberts, but St. Paul is not, as there is no evidence as to his parentage, and he is only known by his writings, all of which are claimed by Apollonius. In the face of such evidence, denial and disbelief by Dr. Peebles, unsupported by any evidence of a like character, may well be spared my readers.

Prometheus: The reference to Prometheus is immaterial, as reference can be made to any one of the 32 crucified saviours of the world's history as a sufficient basis on which the story of the life and crucifixion of Jesus Christ could be well founded. I believe a carefully-compiled record of these can be found in "Faiths, Facts, and Frauds of Religious History," by Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten. The same work will also supply Dr. Peebles with a full list of reputed forgeries of Christian manuscripts, which he denies.

The Alexandrian Library: This library, containing over a quarter of a million of the manuscripts of the gospels of the world, was first burned in 47 A.D., and again in 390, to hide the fact that the so-called Christian writings could all be found therein. At any rate, no other motive can be assigned, and the spirits who perpetrated the atrocity

have been forced by superior powers of heaven to return to earth and confess their iniquity. Dr. Peebles states that one "John, a grammarian and famous philosopher, being in Alexandria at the time of its capture . . . wrote to the Caliph, who replied in substance, 'If these books contain the same doctrines as the Koran they are useless, but if they contain anything contrary they ought to be destroyed,' and therefore he ordered them to be burned. This latter theory I think the best sustained." This is exactly one more of the forgeries by which the Christian priesthood sought to hide their treachery, and it is proved by the simple fact that the *Koran* was not written till 610 A. D. by Mahomet. Therefore it was impossible the Caliph could ever have said anything of the kind in the year 390 A. D.; and yet Dr. Peebles considers this "the best sustained theory." There is no need for me to supply cases of forgery, Dr. Peebles supplies them himself.

Millions of spirits in darkness, and agreeing with Mr. May as to the origin and myth of Jesus Christ representing the sun: Dr. Peebles denies it, and demands proof. Also asks if I counted them? Here is the proof: The chronology of China, India, Egypt, Japan, Persia, Assyria, and Rome proves they had thousands of millions of sun worshippers. Vishnu, the Hindoo god, represented the sun. Bacchus, of Rome, meant the sun; but then, why go further? All these are in spirit; many have come back to affirm what I have previously written; and they all know quite well that he who is called the "Light of the World" meant the sun. That spelling it, "Son," as the only begotten of God, was a trick of priest-craft to hide its true spelling of "sun" which would make the meaning clear and reasonable.

Rabbi Wise, Philo, and the Talmud: Dr. Peebles quotes a letter in which Rabbi Wise denies he ever visited Jerusalem. The only fabrication I can discover is the statement that "Philo" ever wrote one word about Jesus Christ, as Rabbi Wise says he did. In "Antiquity Unveiled," page 113, a circumstantial account will be found of the journey and result. So much for the fabrication. Now for the reference to Philo by Dr. Peebles. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" commits itself to this statement in regard to Philo: "Philo is silent about Christ. The legends, preserved by Eusebius, that Philo met St. Peter are valueless." Philo's writings are valuable, but show nothing concerning Christianity. As to the value of the Talmud, Rabbi Wise sets such store by, here is what "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates" has to say about it: "After being universally condemned and the MSS. often burnt, the defence of the Talmud was undertaken by the German reformer, Reuchlen, in the 16th century, and between 1520 and 1523 the Talmud Babylonicum, and the Talmud Hierosolitanum was printed at Venice." No wonder the ancient nations deride the Jewish Chronicles, which are known to be their stolen records; and which forms a clear proof of my statement.

The testimony of the spirits who wrote and taught Christianity: Apollonius claims he is the Jesus and St. Paul of the Scriptures; that he wrote the four gospels, and also the four epistles of the New Testament; whilst he translated from nine epistles given him by King Phraotes, of Taxila, in India, into the Hebraic Samaritan language. Marcion, Lucian, Bishop Uphilas, Eusebius, Porphyry, Quintillian, Pliny the Younger, Tacitus, Origen, Potamon of Alexandria, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Josephus, Philo, Cheretus (the rival of Apollonius), Strabo, King Phraotes, Pontius Pilate, Pope Gregory VII., Vespasian, Clement Alexandrinus, all returned to earth, and with a hundred other learned spirits fully testify to the claims of Apollonius as the real Jesus and St. Paul. Dr. Peebles says: "What these alleged spirits . . . are said to have stated were the most egregious falsehoods." How does he know this? At least their statements, as they appear in the record, bear striking proof of their identity, while their knowledge of the subject is vastly superior to anything which Dr. Peebles quotes to support the assertions of the controls he mentions as having seen Jesus. Why does Dr. Peebles state that I have made a "proved fraud, one Alfred James," the mouthpiece of seers, angels, etc.? Till I read his statement I never even heard of the man, either by reputation or name. If Dr. Peebles' statements about him are on a par with his attack on myself, by stating I have written things I never did write, as witness his statement that I tried to annihilate the personality of Guatama and Mahomet—a pure invention on the part of Dr. Peebles—then it is quite time to question and put a stop to such wholesale assertions. If what Dr. Peebles states is true, then he makes out a famous scholar and author in the person of the late John Roberts, who has received the highest commendations from the press, as conniving at and deceiving the public. Take the case of any one of the 132 spirits who communicated the records in "Antiquity Unveiled," and compare it with the statement of the control of George Spriggs. Why, the evidence is literally not to be found that there was any control at all in the case of G. Spriggs. He cannot even give a name until the Doctor mentions a certain one; then he only bows. On the other hand, say, as in the case of Origen, a clear, dignified statement, full of points and facts, with records all exactly described, and all found to be true. To ask us to accept the irresponsible meagre utterances of unknown controls, whose statements will bear no test whatever, and discard the scholarly records from spirits who claim to be the great personalities themselves, whose utterances are consistent alike with dignity, knowledge, and proof, is to ask us to take leave of our senses. Those controls who claim to have seen Jesus may have done so. I have never denied that a person lived at the time of Jesus and taught the love of God. All history proves that Apollonius was such a one, and at that period, and in the Orient; therefore it is perfectly feasible for a control to be introduced to the Christ of the Gospels without taking the trouble to investigate the various names he might be known by. Dr. Anna Kingsford, in "Clothed with the Sun," states that she saw him, but he was not known by the name of Jesus. As a medium, I entirely repudiate the assertion that my object is to destroy great personalities. On the other hand, I am trying to instil a little justice to the other Christs, and break down this fanatical worship of Jesus. As the only way to clear up the dispute as to his identity must of necessity lie with him and his followers, as spirits, why does he not master them and make his presence known by proofs? Why is it, that only his impersonators can do this? The obvious answer is clear enough: he has done it; but envy, malice, and vanity, will not accept it. It is clearly shown, to my mind, that had the same communications come through any of the

controls whom Dr. Peebles knows, they would have been acknowledged freely enough; "but through Alfred James, never," says Dr. Peebles. When Dr. Peebles has had some real communications with spirits, as I have had, even some of these referred to in "Antiquity Unveiled," he will learn that evil spirits are forced to do such work; that a medium may be all immoral and degraded, yet can be used by spirits to convey great truths. The history of modern Spiritualism contains the history of various degraded mediums; but which in no sense invalidate the proved truths of the communication. I have dealt with all the objections, demands, and misstatements of Dr. Peebles, and will now leave the subject. I took the matter up, as a medium, because I am tired of seeing the Spiritualist platform mainly usurped by non-mediums, whose whole stock-in-trade comes through mediums. W. H. EDWARDS.

## Correspondence.

*It must be fully understood that the Editor does not necessarily endorse the views of the correspondents whose letters are published from time to time in this column. Correspondents must send name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. In order to avoid delay or the necessity of curtailment, it is requested that the letters to the Editor may be made as brief as possible.*

### THE BRITTEN MEMORIAL.

SIR,—I am a little disappointed to find there is no further correspondence on the above in this week's issue. I thought, after the very stirring letter by the hard-working hon. secretary of the Manchester Central Association, this Society would have been ready to give the idea a start, and declared at once some Sunday to be set apart as a Memorial Sunday. May I impress upon the council of this young Society the importance of someone leading the way. Mr. A. W. Orr's letter is interesting so far as it goes, and a little more push may cause the flowers to bloom in the spring; at least we must not let the period of germination destroy the seed for want of attention. May I ask some of the Societies in the north to set the ball a-rolling, and send in their names to you as willing to give one Sunday's collection a year to build a church worthy of the name of Spiritualism. And may I ask our good friend, Mr. Councillor John Venables, of Walsall, to revise his offer by dropping the 900, and making it that if 99 others will promise £5 he will give £5, and I shall be very pleased to join him; and, further, I will give £5 to every £99 until the necessary funds are subscribed, for the next five years—now work away.

A WILLING WORKER.

### SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON.

SIR,—You deserve the thanks of every Spiritualist for the great improvement that has gradually evolved since you took over the editorship of THE TWO WORLDS. The articles that have appeared, and are now appearing, are invaluable to students of our grand and noble philosophy. The re-publication of "Faiths, Facts, and Frauds" is a grand step in the right direction, and every Spiritualist ought to become the possessor of a copy, for goodness knows it is needed in this part of the country, where some of our meeting-places are becoming orthodox mission rooms, and bad ones at that.

A well-known worker in the movement here a short time ago said to me that London Spiritualism was the most insipid Spiritualism he had ever come across. In comparison with the breezy Spiritualism of the north, I agree.

Some of us attend meeting after meeting, and very rarely do we learn anything about the subject which our Societies were established to promulgate, but we hear a lot about Jesus being the "grandest medium" that ever existed, or ever will exist. If all was true that is recorded of Jesus in the New Testament, in my opinion the claim would be very wide of the mark.

A little time ago I was listening to a control giving an address, during which the control made the statement that he (or she), when living on this plane, lived such a good life, that when he (or she) passed to the next, it was to go right away to the seventh sphere, and that Jesus Christ had charge of this particular sphere.

I hope the publication of Mrs. Britten's book will purge our platforms of such drivelling nonsense as this. I trust the time is not very distant when you will be able to publish other books, such as Lizzie Doten's poems.

There are also the books which Mrs. Britten refers to as her authorities for the three "F's." I know these are very expensive works, but I think they might possibly be issued in monthly parts.

3, Bettridge-road, Fulham, London.

W. TURNER.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. Broadbent (Castleford): Next week. S. Williams (Chester): Thank you. Will refer to the matter as soon as possible. But such men are scarcely worth the price of powder. A. Shackleton (Bradford): Pressure upon our space prevents compliance with your request. All reports are subject to compression if circumstances require it. Geo. H. Baguley (Crewe): Received. R. J. H. Abbott (Fulham, S.W.): Thank you for your kindly words. They are echoed in some five other letters received from London during the past week. It is gratifying to know that yourself and many other of our friends think so well of this paper. Mrs. Julia Smith (Doncaster): The writer you mention has no desire to aboush clai voyance. But, like yourself, he wishes it to be presented in the highest form on our platform. We are glad you have done so much good, and thank you for your good wishes. But public "fortune-telling" is no part of a truly spiritual Spiritualism. Thos. Timson (Leicester): M<sup>d</sup>. received. Next week if possible. John Robinson (North-cote-on-Tyne): Poem received, but regret it is not quite suitable. You might try again. W. H. Edwards (London): Will use the reply to Mr. McCaig next week. F. Till (Swindon): Yes, but cannot use for a few weeks.

## REPORTS AND NEWS.

*It is necessary for purposes of publication that all reports should reach us by the first post on Tuesday mornings. We shall not be able to notice any reports coming to hand after that time. Reporters, please note!*

PROSPECTIVE ANNOUNCEMENTS not exceeding twenty-four words may be added to reports if accompanied by six penny stamps. Longer notices must appear in our advertisement columns.

ACCRINGTON, China-street.—Good time with Mr. R. Yates, who gave encouraging addresses on "The larger hope" and "True progress."

ASHTON.—Dec. 9th, Mrs. Williams gave good addresses and clairvoyance; also conducted the after-circle.

BARNSELY.—Interesting time with Mrs. Lakin; her addresses were much appreciated by large audiences. Mr. Oxley assisted with clairvoyance.

BIRKENHEAD, Britten Hall.—5th, Mrs. Powell Williams gave excellent phenomena. 9th, Mr. Spencer gave an address and ably recited several poems, to the delight of the audience. 10th, Mrs. Powell Williams gave good psychometry and clairvoyance.

HAMILTON Hall: 5th, Mrs. Beattie gave good clairvoyance. 9th, Mr. Pickstock contributed an address and clairvoyance; also conducted the after-circle. 10th, Miss Wright and Mrs. Exton gave recognised tests.

BLAYDON.—Good time with Mr. Reed, clairvoyance all recognised.

BOLTON, Bradford-st.—Eloquent addresses by Mr. J. Isherwood; also striking phenomena. Meetings highly appreciated by large audiences. [We cannot insert overdue reports.—Ed.]

BOURNEMOUTH.—Mr. V. N. Turvey claimed the close attention of a large gathering for over an hour with his most instructive address on "Mind in medicine." Great credit is due to him for the masterly manner in which the subject was dealt with. After the address, he gave clairvoyance and psychometry.

BRADFORD, Ivy Rooms.—Dec 6th, Mrs. Dodsworth gave excellent clairvoyant delineations. 9th, Mr. Wilfred Rooke; afternoon, address on "The world has much of beautiful," which was very instructive. Evening, address on "Heaven's eternal day," being delivered in excellent style and provided food for thought.

BULWELL.—4th, Mr. W. Pearl gave convincing phenomena. 9th, Uplifting address by Mr. F. Todd, and good clairvoyance. Large after-circle conducted by Mrs. Pearl.

BURTON-ON-TRENT.—9th, Earnest addresses by Mrs. F. Roberts. Evening subject, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," was very ably dealt with. 10th, Afternoon, Ladies' meeting conducted by Mrs. Roberts, followed by tea. Evening, homely address, followed by good phenomena, clearly proving the presence of our arisen friends.

CHESTER.—9th, Miss Amy Williams conducted large meetings, delivering addresses which were listened to with deep attention, followed by clairvoyance. 10th, Mrs. Bithell gave phenomena of a convincing character.

CHESTERFIELD.—Owing to Miss Colebourne being absent through illness, Mr. J. Johnson took charge of the services, and delivered good addresses and striking clairvoyant tests. Mr. A. Brown presided. The thanks of the Soc ety are due to the friends who, during the services, gave instrumental selections.

CLITHEROE.—Very enjoyable day with Mr. Will Edwards, who gave good addresses and successful clairvoyance.

COVENTRY.—Mr. V. Morris gave eloquent addresses and good clairvoyant tests.

DARWEN.—5th, Mrs. Holden conducted the circle with good phenomena. 9th, Mr. Hanson G. Hey gave addresses, which were very instructive. 10th, Developing circle conducted by Mr. Tom Tyrell.—J.C.

DERBY, Central.—9th, Mrs. Gibling gave stirring addresses on "Love one another" and "My life in the spirit world," followed by good proofs of spirit return. She also conducted the after circle. 10th, Very good time with locals.

UNITED: Good addresses and clairvoyance by Mr. J. Gratton, who also gave very good delineations at the after circle.—E.M.

DUNDEE.—Most able services (addresses and clairvoyance) by Mrs. Jessie Crompton, whose visits are always looked forward to and much appreciated. An overflowing meeting greeted her. [We cannot insert overdue reports.—Ed.]

EXETER.—7th, Mrs. Letheren gave an address and clairvoyance. 9th, Mr. E. Frankish gave an address on behalf of the New Dispensation, subject, "In the last days of the cycle." Mrs. Letheren followed with clairvoyance.

GLASGOW, Scottish Mediums' Union.—Good morning circle. Evening, Mr. D. Macintyre delivered an address on "Spiritualism, the need of the hour," which was followed with deep interest by a large audience. Mrs. Murray was very successful with a number of clairvoyant descriptions. Mr. K. McLennan acted as chairman.

GLOSSOP.—8th, Successful social. 9th, Miss R. E. Jones gave an address on "Thy will be done." Good clairvoyance by Miss O. Hollingworth.

GRIMSBY, Central.—9th, Miss Randall was the recipient of a splendid ovation on concluding her address on "Christ, the Spiritualist." Her descriptions at the after-circle, which was crowded, were of a good order, being nearly all recognised. 10th, Miss Randall concluded her visit by giving a short address and phenomena. Miss Woolnough assisted.

New Cleve: Meeting conducted by Messrs. Rowbotham and Robinson much enjoyed. After-circle led by Mr. Hardiman, all the descriptions being recognised.

HUCKNALL.—Mr. Dewick promises to become a useful worker. His address in the afternoon on "Spiritualism, what is it?" was very good. His address in the evening on "Immortality" was much appreciated. We also had an address and good clairvoyance from an old friend.

HUNSLER, Oriel Hall.—Mr. J. Pawson gave a fine address, and also answered questions. Clairvoyance good.

LANCASTER.—Enjoyable time with Mrs. Forrest, who gave good addresses to crowded audiences.

LEAMINGTON.—9th, Mrs. Norton, in the afternoon, gave a helpful address on "Cultivate the best spiritual gifts," followed by clairvoyance. Evening subject, "The gates ajar," also clairvoyance, all the descriptions being recognised. 10th, Afternoon, meeting for ladies much enjoyed. Evening, meeting for phenomena, many receiving convincing testimony of a life hereafter.

LEICESTER, North Evington.—Addresses by Mesdames Carryer and Johnson and Mr. Eaton, followed by very successful clairvoyance by Mrs. Carryer.

LONDON.—Acton: 3rd, Mr. R. Brailley paid his first visit, giving splendid clairvoyance. 9th, A fine address by Mr. Piggott on "Socialism and evolution."—Pros.: Sunday next, at 7, Mr. Abbot, of Fulham. Tuesday, Dec. 18th, at 2, Newburgh-road, at 8-30, Mr. Geo. Spriggs will give his experiences. All are welcome.

Balcombe-street, Dorset-square: Harmonious meetings. Clairvoyance and me sages.

Brixton: Trance address through Mr. A. Rex much enjoyed. Good after-meeting.—Pros.: Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., Mr. A. Card, from Australia, will give a trance address.

Camberwell: The morning circle was very bright and interesting; good clairvoyant descriptions and counsel were given by Mr. W. E. Long's guides. Evening, service ably conducted by members, when short sympathetic addresses were delivered.—E.S.

Cavendish Rooms: Miss McCreddie, whose control gave excellent clairvoyance. Miss McCreddie was suffering from a severe chill, and the success attained by her controls was wonderful. We all hope that she will speedily be restored to her usual health. Several helpful messages were also given, which gave the recipients much pleasure. Mrs. C. B. Laughton charmed a crowded audience by her fine rendering of the solo, "Return, O Lord." Mr. Spriggs ably presided.—A.J.W.

Chepstow Hall, 139, Peckham-rd.: Morning circle, the guides of Mr. Walters were very interesting and Mr. Woodrow gave clairvoyance. Evening, Mr. Woodrow presided and the address from Mr. Stebbins on "Spiritualism as I have found it" was much appreciated. A good after-circle was held.—Pros.: Sunday next, 16th, at 11, public circle; 7, Mr. Turner, of Fulham. 23rd, Mrs. Cheekets.

Chiswick: Large circle assembled in the morning. "Warnings" and "Jesus" were the subjects discussed, and a large number of healing cases were dealt with. In the evening Miss Violet Burton's control gave an address "Is life worth living?" to a very interested audience and several questions were replied to. Mr. W. Tidman presided.

Clapham: Mr. Adams gave an interesting address on "The Woman of Endor," and Mrs. A. Boddington successful clairvoyance. Solos by Mr. Dalton were rendered with expression.

Croydon: Mr. Imison gave an address on "Death: its cause and necessity," followed by clairvoyance from Mrs. Imison. Good audience.

E.L.S.A., Forest Gate: Miss Morris's first visit; she gave an enlightening address, greatly appreciated by an attentive audience. Large after-circle conducted by Mr. Clegg.—H.T.O.

Finsbury Park: 5th, Healing circle; good work through Mr. Leaf and Mrs. Willis. 9th, Short address through Mr. W. Maslin.

Hackney, 37, Brett-rd.: Meetings on the 3rd, 6th, and 9th, Mrs. Weedemeyer's guides, gave convincing tests to strangers, also good medical advice.—C.H.O.

Manor Park and East Ham: 8th, Mrs. Webb gave good clairvoyance. 9th, Morning, Mr. Hursthouse read from a trance address of Mr. J. J. Morse on "Reincarnation," followed by a conversation; also trance addresses of other spirit friends. Evening, Mr. A. H. Sarfas gave an address on "Sentimental and practical Spiritualism," and ably answered questions. Large after-meeting much enjoyed.

North London: Speakers, Messrs. Barter, Harris, and Jones. Solo by Mr. Williams. Inspirational address through Mrs. Jones.

Plaistow: 6th, Mrs. Webb gave clairvoyance to a large audience. 9th, Mrs. Birrell gave an instructive address pointing out the necessity for the Spiritualist to lead a pure life. Good clairvoyance followed.—P.P.

Shepherds Bush: 6th, Mrs. Atkins' psychometrical delineations most successful, all recognised. 9th, Mrs. Wesley Adams paid her first visit, and gave a trance address on "Mission work in the spirit spheres." Mr. Adams ably presided and read a poem.—Pros.: 16th, at 7, Miss V. Burton; subject, "A model lesson, how to think." 20th, at 8, Miss E. Murphy. Silver collection.—E.A.

Spiritual Mission: Mr. Long's guide gave an interesting address, and handled his subject in such a masterly manner that every point was forced home to his audience.—Pros.: Sunday next, Mr. James Macbeth, at 7 p.m. Please do not forget sale of work. [See special advt.]

Soke Newington: Morning, Mr. Richardson gave an enlightening address on "Is there a hell?" discussion followed. Afternoon, Mrs. Podmore conducted a good circle. Evening, Mr. H. G. Swift related some interesting experiences, and Miss E. Murphy followed with psychometry.—S.

Tottenham: Morning, Mr. Baxter gave an excellent address on "The Messiah of God." Evening, Mr. H. Boddington gave an inspirational discourse on "Whom shall we trust?"

LUTON.—Impressive address on "Worship God" was delivered by the guides of Mrs. Champkin, also good clairvoyance.

MANCHESTER.—Ardwick: 5th, Mrs. Hazlehurst gave very good clairvoyance. 9th, Mr. Tinker gave an interesting address to an appreciative audience. Mr. Chamberlain gave excellent clairvoyance at the after-circle.

Bradford: 4th and 6th, Miss W. Schofield and Mrs. Gardner gave good phenomena. 9th, Good address and clairvoyance by Mr. Grayson.

Gorton, Booth-street: 3rd and 6th, Mr. J. Humphreys and Mrs. Wright gave good phenomena. 9th, Miss Wallwork gave a good address and clairvoyance, also conducting the after-circle, at which successful clairvoyance was given.

Higher Broughton: 6th, Meetings conducted by Miss Watson Schofield, who gave very good phenomena. 9th, Afternoon, interesting paper by the President. Evening, Miss Waghorn's address on "Man's relationship to God" gave much food for thought. She also successfully conducted the after-circle.

Hulme: 6th, Miss Wallwork and Mrs. Simms gave good clairvoyance and psychometry. 9th, Mrs. Nelson delivered an enlightening address, listened to with appreciation and followed by good phenomena. After-circle, good phenomena. 10th, Mr. Ferguson gave a short address and good phenomena.

Longsight: 4th, Mrs. Childs conducted the circle in an able manner. 6th, Mrs. Lamb gave good clairvoyance. 9th, Miss Rotherham gave an instructive address on "Yule Tide," also conducted the after-circle.—J.T.

South Salford, Trafford-rd.: Mrs. Hazlehurst gave a good address and clairvoyance; also conducted the ladies' meeting on the 10th, and gave good phenomena.

South Manchester: 6th, Mrs. Griffith gave good phenomena. 9th, Afternoon, Lyceum.

open sessions. Miss B. Forrest sang "The Children's Home" in fine style; Master J. Jensen's violin solo was much appreciated; accompanist, Miss Hall. Evening, Mrs. Edwards (who kindly gave her services) gave a good address on "Man's wants." Mr. Rastall presided. Good after-circle, several mediums taking part.—J.C.C.

**MONKWEARMOUTH.**—5th, Mrs. Bayley gave good clairvoyance. 9th, Mrs. Hume gave a good address on "The people and religion," also clairvoyance, which was appreciated. After-circle conducted by locals.

**NEWCASTLE,** Heaton and Byker.—9th, Mr. Jas. Lawrence gave an interesting address on "The body dies, the spirit lives," which was well appreciated. Good after-circle.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—Afternoon, Mr. Cheshire spoke on "Phenomena." Evening, Mr. T. Spoke delivered a lecture on "Building the spiritual temple." Both subjects appreciated by large audiences.

**NOTTINGHAM,** Gladstone Hall.—9th, Mrs. Veary occupied the platform with success in the afternoon and evening. Very convincing tests were given. Lyceum, interesting session. Address on "What is Spiritualism?" by Mr. McCalg. In the Liberty Group an interesting discussion arose from the reading of the leading article in *THE TWO WORLDS* for Dec 7th, and it was agreed that there was a danger in Spiritualism being taken over partially by the churches, the result of which would probably be the loss of its truths in the mass of ritual which would surround it. At the after-circle Mrs. Veary gave phenomena.

**Hyson Green:** Good time with Mr. McBrine. Afternoon, he ably answered written questions, and Mrs. Gratton gave good clairvoyance. Evening subject, "Spiritualism v. Christianity" much appreciated by the audience. Solo by Mrs. Marriot. By special request Miss Dickenson gave a recitation. Mrs. Gratton's clairvoyance well recognised; also conducted the after-circle, good clairvoyance. We thank all friends for their help.

**Progressive:** Morning, Mrs. Cannock gave some interesting experiences. Evening, address from the words, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth," an inspiring and uplifting address. Excellent clairvoyance to crowded audience and large after-circle.—D.H.

**READING.**—Mrs. Effie Bahe delivered a powerful lecture on "How Spiritualism helps humanity," listened to with attention by an intelligent audience. Questions ably answered.

**ROTHERHAM.**—E joyable day with Connolly Ward. Afternoon, a splendid address and Mrs. Cook gave good clairvoyance. Evening, Mr. S. Featherstone took the chair, hall fairly well filled to listen to Mr. J. Lobb, who delivered an eloquent address, much enjoyed.

**SEACOMBE and EGREMONT.**—6th, Mrs. Amy Williams gave good phenomena. 9th, Mr. S. Williams gave interesting addresses, and Mrs. Danks good clairvoyance. Mrs. Mossop successfully conducted a large after-circle.—A.F.

**SEATON DELAVAL.**—Mrs. Young gave an address and good clairvoyance. After-meeting conducted by Mr. Hope.—J.T.

**SHAW.**—4th, Mr. Hilditch gave remarkable phenomena. 9th, Good day with Miss Burton, who gave address and clairvoyance, and also conducted the after-circle, assisted by Miss Shaw.—C.T.R.

**SHEFFIELD,** Darnall.—Mr. Curtis gave a trance address on "Spiritualism," being much appreciated. After-meeting well attended.

**Heeley:** Good address by Mr. Baines on "Death, heaven, and hell." Clairvoyance by Mr. Childs, who also conducted the after-circle.

**Hillsborough:** On Dec 9th Mr. and Mrs. Wilson commenced a week's mission. Mr. Wilson gave a splendid address on "For me to live is Christ," which was very instructive. Mrs. Wilson gave clairvoyance and psychometry afterwards.—A.P.

**Walkley-lane:** Mr. Horridge gave an excellent address. The after-circle was conducted by Mr. Appleton and friend, Mr. Horridge giving clairvoyance.—T.E.O.—[We cannot do as you suggest.—Ed.]

**SKIPTON.**—On Saturday and Sunday we held two sances with Mr. Taylor. Twenty persons sat at the first and fifteen at the second, both proved successful. Some grand phenomena was given through the tables, which no person could denounce as fraud or trickery. Every sitter present noticed many colours of spirit-lights inside the circle, and various materialised forms. All present were highly satisfied with Mr. Taylor's mediumship, and may be long spared to do this useful work.

Speaker for Sunday was Miss Topping, who gave good addresses and clairvoyance.—H.B.

**SOUTHAMPTON.**—Mr. P. R. Street gave a most instructive address on "Christian and Spiritualist from a Bible standpoint."

**SOUTHEND.**—Morning, a paper was read for discussion by one of the members. Evening, a fine address by Mr. J. Connolly, who took for his subject "What think ye of Christ?" Many questions were asked at the close and satisfactorily answered. Altogether a most instructive evening.—N.C.

**SOUTHPORT,** Hawkshead Hall.—5th, Miss Alice McCallum made her first public appearance, during which she gave 26 tests, accompanied with full names, the majority being recognised. Crowded audience. 9th, Our planned speaker, Mrs. Whittaker, being indisposed, Miss Mina McCallum imparted interesting personal reminiscences. During the phenomena many convincing proofs were given. 10th, Miss Alice McCallum gave remarkable clairvoyance.

**SOUTH SHIELDS,** King-st.—6th, Mr. Galley gave well-recognised clairvoyance. 8th, Mr. Charlton gave a short address and clairvoyance. 9th, Mr. Westgarth gave a stirring address on "The mission of Spiritualism," which was much appreciated.

**Robinson-st:** 5th, Mrs. Heslam gave clairvoyance. 8th, Phenomena very good. 9th, Mr. Wilkinson gave a short reading, and also spoke on "The plan of salvation," dealing with the subject in a very able manner. Good after-circle.

**Pier Terrace:** Good lectures by Capt. Robson, Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Guy, also clairvoyance and psychometry.

**SPENNYMOOR.** Mrs. Shannon gave instructive addresses, especially urging on adults the necessity for sending their children to the Lyceum, also successful clairvoyance.—R.P.C.

**STALYBRIDGE,** Bennett-st.—3rd, Mrs. Ashworth. 6th, Mrs. Hasselby; clairvoyance good, and circles well attended. 9th, Mr. R. Davis, good addresses and clairvoyance, room crowded; also conducted large after-circle.

**Foresters' Hall:** 3rd, Good time with Miss Watson Scholfield. 5th, Mr. Newby's clairvoyant descriptions readily recognised. 9th, Mr. Vernon's addresses and clairvoyance much appreciated. Mrs. Sixon conducted the after-circle very successfully.—J.McD.

**WALLASEY.**—4th, Mrs. O'Keef gave good phenomena. 9th, Good day with Mrs. Powell-Williams, address and clairvoyance, also conducted a large after-circle.—J.H.

**WEST PELTON.**—The guides of Mr. Grey preached the funeral sermon of a member (Mrs. Jackson), pathetically depicting the passing on of our dear sister; also named a child, earth name Elizabeth, spirit name "Lily." Mr. Grey named the mother of the child 25 years ago on the same platform. The choir sang anthems.

**YORK,** Spiritual Church.—8th, Good meeting with Mrs. Summersgill Walker, the phenomena being well recognised, also on Sunday good addresses and clairvoyance were given. During the evening service the interesting ceremony of naming two infants was very nicely performed. Large after-circle.

**St. Martin's-lane:** 8th, 9th, and 10th, Mrs. E. Balme conducted the meetings, giving excellent addresses and clairvoyance to good audiences. Mr. C. Wright also took part in the after-circle, giving good descriptions.

**RECEIVED TOO LATE.**—Glasgow, Motherwell, and Portsmouth. Also Y.C.U. Conference, will use next week.

**WILL** Secretaries clearly bear in mind that ordinary reports cannot be used unless they reach this office by *first delivery on Tuesday morning*—Ed.

### Christmas, 1906.

GLAD Noel to you, friends, the best of cheer;  
And, when it comes, God grant a glad New Year.

KATE TAYLOR-ROBINSON.

Tweed Green House, Whalley Range.

THE demand for the re-issue of Mrs. Britten's "Faiths, Facts, and Frauds of Religious History" is so far satisfactory, and daily increasing. Special terms to all Societies, 13/12 copies 9s., carriage extra. Not less than one dozen supplied at this rate. [See advt. p. 2 of cover.]

## SPECIAL REPORTS.

### Mr. R. Brailey at Nottingham.

#### A REMARKABLE TEST.

ON Sunday last, Dec. 9th, Mr. Ronald Brailey gave splendid blackboard drawings of spirit people. I was shown the face of my father, and received a message whilst visiting a friend on the previous Tuesday, and then again on the following Thursday (this time through a little coloured guide). I was told I should see my father's face on the following Sunday, and also receive a message, though in what form I had not the slightest idea, as I had not previously heard of Mr. Brailey's drawings, and as he knew nothing whatever about the matter, it makes the test all the more remarkable. Six other faces were drawn at the same meeting, every one being most definitely recognised, and in some cases the recipients being moved to tears of joy on beholding the drawings of their departed relatives. I trust he will long be spared to carry on this most glorious work.—E.A.C.

### Southend.

ON Monday evening, Dec. 3rd, the members and committee met to bid farewell to Mrs. Bradley on her departure for Canada. She has been treasurer since the opening of the Society nearly twelve months ago. Mr. Wilson, the president, was in the chair, and in a few well-chosen remarks spoke of the appreciation we all felt for Mrs. Bradley's untiring efforts on behalf of the Society. He then presented her with an illuminated testimonial which had been prepared by Mr. Dupree, and a purse containing £4, subscribed by the members. Messrs. Murren, Jones, Yardly and Weston, and Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Hatcher and Mrs. Mirron said that it was in Mrs. Bradley's house they attended their first seance. Many other friends spoke of the good work done by her, and Mr. Clough proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Dora Bradley, who, in the capacity of newsagent, had sold *THE TWO WORLDS* each week. Mrs. Bradley then rose to return thanks, but was too overcome, and asked Mr. Weston to speak for her, which he did in a suitable manner. At the close all united in wishing her God-speed and success in her new home.—N.O., Sec.

### Ashton-under Lyne: Bazaar.

THE committee of the Spiritual Church, Burlington-st., held a very successful bazaar on Friday and Saturday last, the 7th and 8th inst., with the object of raising a further sum of money to further reduce the debt remaining upon their handsome and well-appointed building. The body of the church presented a pretty appearance, the handsome and well-laden stalls being most attractively decorated. The ladies' stall was in charge of the Misses Mabel Platt, Harriet Platt, H. Stevenson, Ada Barrison, and Miss E. Cottrell, secretary. The handsome flower stall was in charge of the Misses Maggie Hibbert, Annie Hibbert, Nellie Lewin, and Ethel Hulme. The Lyceum stall was in charge of Mr. W. Dransfield, secretary, Mrs. M. A. Devine, assistant secretary, Mr. T. Shipley, Jr., treasurer, and Mrs. E. France, and the Misses S. J. Dransfield, S. L. Jones, and S. A. Eastwood. The young men's stall was in charge of Messrs. A. France, secretary, Thomas A. Devine and E. Bottomley. The refreshment department was very efficiently conducted by Mesdames Ellen Cropper, Mary Dransfield, H. M. Platt, Elizabeth A. Simpson, Mary A. Mortin, Mary Haigh, M. Dixon, Stevenson, and Eastwood.

Where all concerned had plainly worked heart and soul to assure success it were invidious to single out any for special note. The articles for sale were varied in character, excellent in quality, and moderate in price. The amusement of visitors was capitally catered for. There was "Atakeyouinsmilingly" museum; poor "Mr. Bill Bailey" served for excellent target practice, and The Lyndhurst Mandoline Band discoursed most eloquent music at intervals.

The opening service was conducted by Mr. J. J. Morse, the Editor of *THE TWO WORLDS*. In the absence of the president, Mr. Alfred Simpson genially conducted the preliminary

exercises, and little Miss Mabel Simpson very clearly and intelligently recited the poetical "Welcome to the Visitors." Nearly all stallholders were seated on the platform, as was also Mr. Carter, of Saddleworth. Mr. Morse made a neat and appropriate address, his humorous sallies, earnest pleadings for our Cause and its truths, and his expressions of commendation and good-will, being greeted with much laughter and applause. He duly declared the bazaar open for business, and soon the stallholders were as busy as bees disposing of their wares.

The event has proved quite satisfactory financially, as the sum of £116 was realised up to the time of this report, though some outstanding items were not settled in time to be included in the above amount.

### Plymouth: Grenville-road.

AN excellent address was given by Mr. W. H. Evans on "The reality and universality of religion." The fact of man being a spirit, surviving the change called death, gives the pivot on which religion was centred. Apart from this principle creeds were powerless. Good clairvoyance was given by Messrs W. Eales and J. Evans. It was announced that with next Sunday's services the mission would be transferred to more commodious premises, the Old Spiritualists' Mission Hall, in Notte-street, having been secured for two years on excellent terms. The promoters feel that although the Mission at Grenville-road has answered a good purpose, a greater work is laid upon them, and they feel it is incumbent that it shall be carried out. With the good array of workers in all departments the Hall, which will accommodate some 350 persons, should be quickly filled.—A.T.B.

### Keighley: N.W.Y.D.U.

THE monthly meeting of the North-west Yorkshire District Union was held at the Heber-street Temple on Sunday, the 2nd inst. After the usual routine business in the morning session, it was agreed to accept the offer of a week's propaganda work from the S.N.U. during January, the meetings to be held at Shipley, Bingley, Baildon, Bradford, Cleckheaton, and Heckmondwike. The arrangements were left in the hands of the sub-committee, Messrs. Yates, Lowe, Wright, and Shackleton. A letter of sincere regret was sent to the friends at Laisterdyke, regarding the closing of St. Paul's church there. It is intended to hold a concert in Bradford for the benefit of the N.W.D.U. at an early date.

At the afternoon and evening meetings addresses were delivered by Messrs. Paynter, Hardaker, Jackson, Wright, Gore, Lowe, Shackleton, Lunn, and Mrs. Wade. Each of the speakers rendered most effective assistance, and the large audiences were much pleased with all that was said. The day's work was thoroughly satisfactory in every respect.

### Doncaster.

SPECIAL services in connection with the Doncaster Spiritualist Society were held on Sunday, December 2nd by Miss Ruth Sage, who delivered addresses and gave clairvoyant descriptions to very good audiences, the room being crowded at night. Meetings were also held on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Dec. 3rd and 4th, several strangers being present. On Sunday, Dec. 9th, the services were continued by Mr. J. C. Macdonald, who delivered in the afternoon a trenchant address on "Spiritualism, the gospel of the twentieth century," quoting the Rev. Haweis's dictum, that the "Church of the twentieth century must be more spiritual; yes, spiritualistic in the best sense of the term." Mr. Macdonald rapidly reviewed the different methods by which man has worshipped the Divine Intelligence, and showed how the problem of the continuity of life could only be satisfactorily solved by Spiritualism. The discovery of the method of communication between the two worlds by the Sisters Fox and the subsequent revelations of the spirit people have removed the question from the position of a theory into a demonstrable fact.

In the evening, Mr. Macdonald followed on by another eloquent address, "Is Spiritualism

natural or supernatural?" He showed the distinction between the facts of history and its traditions, drawing by analogy from nature evidence to support the contention that there is nothing supernatural in Spiritualism; all is perfectly natural and in accord with that we know of nature throughout her diversified conditions.

In view of the fact that Mr. Macdonald has done yeoman service for the movement by propaganda work throughout the British Isles, we took advantage of his presence to ask the audience for a retiring collection, as suggested by the Executive of the S.N.U., to form an Organisers' Fund, the amount collected being £1.

The series of meetings were continued on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 10th and 11th, and we feel assured that ultimate good must result from the practical presentation of the best aspects of Spiritualism.—A.E.B.

### Sheffield: Stanley-street.

A WEEK'S mission, commencing Dec. 2nd, speaker Mr. J. C. Spencer, crowded audience. 3rd, Conducted by Mesdames Stewart and Parker. 4th, Mrs. Marples and Mr. Smith. 5th, Mrs. Crowder and Mr. Smith. 6th, Mrs. Fox and Miss Everitt. 7th, Mesdames Marshall and Rogers. 8th, Meeting and coffee supper. Solos and recitations rendered each evening, also demonstrations of spirit return, grand meetings. 9th, Mr. Fielding conducted a memorial service for our late organist's wife, Mrs. Oldfield, who passed to higher life on Dec. 1st, also the wife of Mr. Hopkins, both leaving small families. Deepest sympathy was shown to them in their sad bereavements. Large after-circle conducted by Mr. Fielding.

### Blackburn: Spiritualists' Temple

LYCEUM DAY, open session in the morning and afternoon, many visitors being present. Evening, a service of song, entitled "The Fireman's Daughter," was rendered by the Lyceum choir, accompanied by a string band which had volunteered to help us. The reader was Mr. Archer, and the conductor Mr. Holt, who carried out their duties most efficiently, and to whom great praise is due for their painstaking labours in making the service such a great success. Many persons were unable to gain admittance. Some non-Spiritualists present were surprised to see such a beautiful room (recently beautified by our late secretary, Mr. Norbury). A circle was afterwards held, the medium, Mrs. Southworth, gave good clairvoyance to a large audience.

### Liverpool Independent: Anniversary.

ON Sunday last we held the first anniversary services. For the first time we used the new platform, which has been presented by a sympathiser, Mrs. Saunders, to whom we extend our heartiest thanks. Mrs. Griffin made kindly remarks, saying she was pleased to have the privilege of occupying the same position she did twelve months ago, but under more congenial conditions, inasmuch as the Society had made such splendid progress. Her address on "Spiritualism" was elevating and useful. Mrs. Griffin and Mrs. Beattie gave excellent clairvoyance. Solos were rendered by Miss Bradshaw and Mr. Commella, and the Misses Brookfield rendered a duet.

### Lincoln: Anniversary.

ON Sunday, Dec. 9th, the first anniversary of the above Society. Addresses by Mr. W. Mason, afternoon subject, "The grain of mustard seed," reviewing the commencement of Spiritualism in Lincoln three years ago, on the same date, when the guides of Mr. Mason held the first service in a cottage home, only 7 being present, and comparing Spiritualism to the grain of mustard seed growing little by little, until the cottage home became too small. A few friends thought it advisable to form a Society and look out for larger premises, the outcome being our present meeting room. The Society may be congratulated on securing such a central and convenient room, the upper

room of the Arcade: In the evening the guide took for his subject, "Is God a God of love?" being the finest discourse the Lincoln Society have had the pleasure of listening to; the room was full. 10th, Afternoon meeting by Mr. Mason. Clairvoyance after all meetings.

## SOCIETY ADVERTISEMENTS.

### SOUTH MANCHESTER, PRINCESS HALL, PRINCESS ROAD, MOSS SIDE.

Sunday, Dec. 16th, Lyceum, 2-30; Service, 6-30, Mr. Wightman; 8-15, After-circle.  
Tuesday, Dec. 18th, at 8, Circle for Table Phenomena.  
Thursday, Dec. 20th, at 8 & 8, Mrs. Brown.  
Friday, Dec. 21st, at 8, Members' Developing Class, conducted by Mrs. Eastwood.

### MANCHESTER.—86, CHORLTON RD., BROOKS'S BAZ.

Sunday, December 16th, 8-15, Mrs. Smith.  
Tuesday, December 18th, 8, Circle for Table Phenomena.  
Wednesday, December 19th, 8, Mr. Chamberlain's Developing Class.  
Thursday, Dec. 20th, 8-15, Mrs. Ellis.

### STALYBRIDGE SPIRITUAL PROGRESSIVE CHURCH, FORESTERS' HALL. (Established 1892.)

Sunday, Dec. 16th, Lyceum 10-30, 2. Service, 3, 6-30, and After-circle 8 p.m., Mr. Geo. Smith.  
Monday, 17th, 8, Ladies' Circle, 7-30, Public Circle, Mrs. TAYLOR.  
Tuesday, 18th, 8, Members' Developing Circle, Mrs. KEELEY.  
Saturday, 22nd, Annual Xmas Tea Party and Entertainment. Adults 6d.; Children 3d.

### THE SPIRITUAL MISSION, 22, Prince's Street, OXFORD ST., London, W.

### SUNDAY NEXT, DEC. 16th, 7 p.m., MR. JAMES MACBETH.

Sale of Work, Dec. 15th, at the Norfolk Square Hotel, London Street (near Paddington Station).  
To be Opened at 2-30, by ARCHDEACON COLLEY.  
Tickets of Admission 6d. each, to be obtained of the Secretary, 166, Marylebone Road, N.W.

As our space is limited, please come early.  
N.B.—The Hall is in Prince's Street, OXFORD ST.

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